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EDWIN BENJE.



THATCHWOOD COTTAGE.



POEMS AND LETTERS.

BY

COUSIN BENJA.

PLYMOUTH:
MEMORIAL AND ROCK PRESS.
1866.



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INTRODUCTION.

BENJA R. MITCHELL, known by his writings as "Cousin Benja," was born in Kingston, Massachusetts, March 21st, 1827; died April 23d, 1865, aged 37 years.

John and Aseneth Mitchell, his parents, and Julia A. Mitchell, his sister, comprised the *household* in which he spent his earthly life. He was never married; but was affectionately devoted to his parents and sister, and was allied in faithful friendship to all, particularly to the suffering poor.

During the last ten years of Cousin Benja's life he was a rare and favorite contributor to various secular journals published in the New England States. His sister, Julia, has gathered together and preserved most of his writings, and since his death has selected from them the following volume.

The presence of spirits, and communion with them, was not only a reality to him, but was a

source of daily instruction and constant enjoyment. The world which is hidden to earthly eyes was to him the real world. His consciousness and his affection lived more in the invisible than in the visible world.

He was never idle. Most of the time in his later years he employed in making "rustic furniture," picture frames, parlor ornaments of sea shells, mosses, etc., that are now much valued as the work of his hands, and his home circle of friends keep sacred to his memory.

He was a great lover of flowers, and cultivated a garden full of the rarest and most beautiful, which he often picked and sent or carried to the afflicted, the sick and dying. From flowers he drew the purest inspiration of angels.

He loved the trees, the wild woods, the running streams, the rain and the sunshine, and every beautiful thing of nature; from them all he drew the inspiration of the heavenly world. He was Nature's own child.

His stature was slender, his health was feeble; for many years but a thread held his frail form to his great spirit. He died of consumption.

Benja has departed from our earthly senses—he is gathered to the angels—to realms more congenial with his gentle spirit, his pure life, his sacred nature.

"In the sands of time" he has left the foot-

steps of angels—the poetry and the prose written in this book.

- “Footsteps that perhaps another,
Sailing o’er life’s solemn main;
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing shall take heart again.”

His genius, his amiable nature, his spiritual aspirations, his generous devotions, his broadcast sympathies, and his holy life, are infused throughout the following pages—pages in which his readers may behold a true picture of “Cousin Benja;” a picture which oblivion cannot deface, which time will keep sacred in its bosom, and eternity will claim its own.

A. B. CHILD.

October, 1866.



POEMS AND LETTERS.

THE DAWN OF THE NEW ERA.

Awake ! awake ! oh mortal man,
Too long hast thou been dreaming ;
Why sleep ye longer ? know ye not
The light of morn is gleaming ?
Go hang thy blankets in the East,
Thou canst not hide its dawning ;
The beacon light reflects afar,
All hail the glorious morning !
When truth shall ride triumphant on,
Her throne shall not be shaken—
When men from angels catch the song—
Awake from sleep, awaken !

Throw off the chains that keep thy souls
Shrouded like funeral palls ;
And let the rays of light shine in
And light its dingy halls.
There's a divinity within,
Planted by God's own hand ;
Then why debase thyself in sin ?
Rise up and be a man.
No longer bow thy spirit down
To those of wealth and station ;
Unfurl thy banners to the breeze,
And catch the inspiration.

Take Nature's books, no longer let
Them mould upon her shelves;
Read, study and investigate,
And learn her truth yourselves!
She bids thee search *true worth* to gain,
And not the world's applause;
And learn what wonders she unfolds
By her progressive laws.
She tells thee that the stalwart oak,
(A mighty truth indeed)
Once slept within the acorn's cup,
A germinating seed.

Then, oh, learn wisdom from the tree,
And let thy soul expand,
And verify the truth, as yet,
"God's noblest work is man."
And drink no longer at the pool,
But come ye to the fount,
For angels' hands are reaching down,
To help thee up the mount.
And when thy work on earth is done,
Instead of doubts and fears,
Thou'lt plume in faith thy spirit-wings,
And soar to brighter spheres.

NOT ALL OF LIFE TO LIVE.

It is not all of life to live,
To pile up stores of treasure,
That we may roll in luxury
And gratify our pleasure.
It is not right to look with scorn
On honest, humble labor,
Then fill our purse with profits from
Our poor, hard-working neighbor.
One should not own whole marble blocks,
While others pay for leases;
One should not feed his neighbors' flocks,
Then have the smallest fleeces.
It is not right to thrust one side
Earth's true but poor partakers,
Then gather all the barley sheaves
Upon a thousand acres !

It is not all of life to live
For wealth, for fame and station ;
It is not wise to give to rogues
The ruling of the nation.
It is not right that law divide
The poor man's only shilling,
To build up pomp, to foster pride
Upon some worthless villain.
We should not chain our ship of fate
At other people's palings,

And whet our pruning-knife of hate
Upon another's failings ;
We should not feel that we are safe
Without the oil and leaven,
Or think that ours the only gate
Through which all enter heaven.

For when our life-book is unsealed
At heaven's great rehearsal,
We then may wish our charities
Had been more universal ;
May wish we had to others been
More kindly in our feelings,
And, in our trade and marketing,
More honest in our dealings ;
May wish our ledgers told more deeds
Of giving, than of selling ;
That we had turned more heavy wheels
Around the poor man's dwelling ;
May wish our names on seals and charts,
That tell of fame and story,
Were writ in love on human hearts,
With golden pens of glory !

Life's aims should be to make mankind
One family of brothers,
By pouring out love's oil and wine
On bleeding hearts of others ;
To brighten up its rustry strings,
That long have been neglected,
To bring men up to social life,
Where they will be respected.
That we may in the right grow strong,
Knowing and possessing—
For only deeds of love and truth
Will ever bring a blessing.

May rich and poor, may high and low,
Be wed in bonds fraternal,
And sing at last Redeeming Love,
Beyond the gate Supernal.

2*

RURAL LIFE.

Who does not love the Summer time,
When all is life and glee ;
When songs of birds are gushing forth
From every flower and tree ?

I dearly love in summer time
To rise before the sun,
And breathe the pure untainted air,
That o'er the earth is flung.

To seek the ancient forest shade,
Far from the bursting throng,
And in some pleasant, cool retreat,
List to the wild bird's song.

Or trace along the old mill stream,
And linger on its banks,
And think how many times I've played
Among the boards and planks.

The growing corn I love to see,
And fields of waving grain ;
The morning sun, the evening shade,
And gentle showers of rain.

I love to see the cellars filled
With sauce of various kinds :
Potatoes, beets and cabbages,
And squashes from the vines.

RETROSPECTION.

As I sat by my window one morning in Spring,
My heart was as light as a bird on the wing,
For Winter had sought its sequestered repose,
And the warm breath of Spring left its blush on the rose.

The sun lightly danced o'er valley and hill,
Imprinting its smile on the pond and the mill;
And the gentle breeze bore, from the flowering thorn,
To my ear the sweet notes of the Oriole's song.

A carpet of green o'er the meadows was spread,
On which the light dew-drops their kisses had shed;
And a few scattered clouds in the heaven's serene,
At intervals threw a dark change o'er the scene.

I gazed, and the thought of the change that's been made
Since the red man's shout rang through the wild forest
shade,

When the smoke of his wigwam encircled the brakes,
And his birch-bark canoe bounded light o'er the lakes.

When the warrior stood forth in his glory and pride,
And the youth with all reverence knelt by his side;
When the red mother played with her babe on the green,
And bright hopes of the future enlivened the scene.

But, alas, they are gone! not a trace now remains
Of that once noble race, but their valleys and plains;
And the works of the pale-face are spread far and wide,
O'er the lands where the red man was wont to reside.

FAITH IN GOD.

What is it to have Faith in God? Go ask the laughing
rill
That dances o'er the mossy roots, and down the sloping
hill;
It does not look ahead to find obstructions in its way,
But trustingly goes laughing on, like little boys at play.

What is it to have Faith in God? Go watch the bird and
see
How in the Spring she builds her nest upon some naked
tree;
She does not wait for Summer's shade, but brings her
sticks and mud,
Trusting in God for future leaves—now folded in the bud.

Then why should man—God's noblest work—distrust His
noblest power;
Why is it that his faith grows dim in every trying hour?
Can he not see on Nature's page the wisdom there displayed;
How all things tend to harmonize, His loving hand hath
made?

Canst thou not climb the flowery mount because thy
neighbors sin?
Reverse thy spectacles, oh man, the trouble is within!

Weed out the garden in *thy* heart, and make it hallowed
ground;
No longer keep a lightning rod to draw the troubles
round!

Canst thou not find a pearl, or gem, among the rubbish
here,
To deck thy spirit's diadem for yonder heavenly sphere?
To me all things, however dark, contain a truth divine;
Why look for them by candle-light, when God's great
sun doth shine?

Shall I distrust my Father's laws because my eyes are
dim!
Though pain is mixed with pleasure here, shall I not
trust in Him?
My kingdom is not all of earth—the spiral stairs of love
I climb, and hold communion with the angel ones above!

I thank my God, He has prepared for me some shady
bowers;
If briars and thistles did not grow, we should not love
the flowers.
I see a ray of dawning light in all the broils and jars—
If God had given us no night we could not see the stars.

LETTER NUMBER ONE.

Jan. 30th.—I've been sitting here in the light of the fire-shine, *LUTHER, wondering if I should write a series of letters on Country Life as I experience it. Would any one care to read them? You know what a mad worshiper I am of all things rural, and how closely I am allied to Nature—then wonder not if I run away from the old conservative order to chat awhile with genii in hidden grottos.

They call me odd and strange because I had rather sit on the hay-mow under the eaves in the old barn and listen to the wintry winds whistling through the mossy shingles, and the creak of the time-worn weather-vane, than to stay in the house and hear Jacob read the Congress news; for they know not that when I am lying on the hay in the old barn-loft, gazing in ardent admiration on the pretty snowflakes forming themselves into wreaths on the dusty rafters as they blow in through the pigeon hole, that I am studying the science which opens to our view the wondrous creations of the world.

Environed by Nature's loveliness, and reared among her haunts, is it strange that I learned to love her? She it was that first introduced me into life: she fed me with milk when a babe, and when my eyes became strong and my ears keen enough to hear her whisperings, she told me to look around and see that all were my brothers

NOTE.—* LUTHER COLBY, editor of the *Banner of Light*.

and sisters, and bade me love them as such. She cradled me in her mossy blankets, and spread down her green, grassy carpets for me to dance upon; and when my brow was tired and feverish, and my spirit sad and weary, she bathed me with her dewdrops, and sang my soul into harmony again with her song birds and streamlets. Then why should I distrust her? I may be odd and strange—Jacob says I am—but then I am not heartless, LUTHER. If I only knew how to touch the heart-strings, sweet music would be discoursed; when the strings are rudely swept, one should not expect to hear pleasant tones.

How sad it seems to be so often misunderstood! But then we should remember that the inward light goes out when placed in the air-current of the world's breath. We should seek for simplicity and truth, however odd we may appear to others. I mean that simplicity of true greatness, the simplicity that is insensible to the frivolities of life, that is not attracted by its gloss and glitter, by its follies and false pretensions.

If the world likes us for this, it is a very pleasant incident; if it does not like us for being true and simple, we can well afford to do without its love, for there is ample compensation in its realities, so that we need no other reward.

HALL'S BROOK.*

It sprang to life, this little brook,
Among the leaves and rushes,
Then forced itself through rock and root,
In little jets and gushes ;
It stops to take a cooling bath
Beneath the maple shadows,
Then runs along its crooked path,
Through all the grassy meadows ;
It strings its silver beads along
The sunny way before us,
And while it sings its little song
I sing to you the chorus.

It runs through roots of fern and brake,
That form a natural filter ;
It waits awhile—a little lake,
Where Ephraim dips his pitcher—
Then sliding through the mossy flume
Above the rocky ledges,
It dashes down its living tomb
Around the laurel hedges ;
It sprawls, it frets, it moves along
The shady path before us ;
And while it sings its little song,
I sing to you the chorus.

NOTE.—* Thatchwood Cottage, the residence of the author, stands near this brook.

It hides within its crystal tanks
The little trout and perches ;
The children sport its mossy banks,
With fishing rods of birches ;
And when the moonbeams o'er it play,
Or on its bosom quiver,
It catches up each golden ray,
And dances to the river.
Oh, many a truth it brings along,
And holds them up before us,
And while it sings its little song,
I sing to you the chorus.

*It drinks the health to old and young,
It makes no bloated noses ;
It keeps the harp of life well strung,
And paints the cheeks with roses ;
It has a little mirror-bowl
In all its drinking places,
That those who sip may there behold
Their cheerful happy faces ;
It bids us in the right be strong,
It points the way before us,
And while it sings its little song,
I sing to you the chorus.

WILL YOU LOVE ME WHEN I'M OLD?

Will you love me when I'm old—
When a score of years have fled,—
When the wavy locks and sunny curls
Are white upon my head?

When the rosy lip
And sparkling eye
Have grown pale and dim by age?
When merry wit
And sorrow's sigh,
Has filled life's checkered page:
Will you love me when I'm old?

Will you love me when I'm old,
And lean upon a staff;
When my mellow voice sounds hard and cold,
And I lose my merry laugh?

When Time shall come
And rudely seek,
Despite my prayers and tears,
To write upon
My faded cheek

The number of my years:
Will you love me when I'm old?

Will you love me when I'm old—
When my sands are nearly run?
I shall need some friend in the silent time,

Should there be more cloud than sun!
Will you wait for me
Upon the shore?
Will you let your love abide,
Till friendly Death
Shall take me o'er,
Beyond the misty tide:
Will you love me when I'm old?

LINES,

*In answer to Cousin Benja's "Will you Love me when I'm
Old?"*

BY S. RICKER.

Love that is truthful,
Its object will seek,
Though youth and beauty
Have fled from the cheek,
And dark flowing locks
Lie scattered and grey,—
Hearts that are truthful
Will never give way.

You loved in life's spring,
When flowers looked fair;
Will *you* love *me* in autumn,
Which no flowers bear?
Summer and beauty
Must glide with the past,—
Too frail is the germ
In winter to last.

You loved the soft tint
That lay on my cheek;
You loved the bright ray
In the eyes that were meek.
The heart's affections
Are tender and true,
Though eye and cheek wear
A time-stricken hue.

Yes, true love will last,
 Though Time 's on the wing,—
Still more enduring
 In autumn than spring.
Then come to my bosom,
 My time-stricken dear,
Thou hast in future
 No rival to fear!

3*

WEARY! WEARY!

BY ANNIE EMER.

I am tired of the world, Cousin Benja,
For it starves me and freezes me, too.
Have you ever watched its pretensions
To friendship, and found them untrue?
Have you linked hands with strangers and found them
Cool-headed, cool-hearted and wise,
Over-reaching your thoughtless affection
With their far-seeing, practical eyes?

Have you turned in disgust from their pitying,
When you learned bitter lessons like me—
That each friend (?) sought his own selfish pleasures,
And paid for them mercilessly?
There! the thought is unworthy and cruel,
I will not accept it for truth;
Nor have I for such wicked prudence
Bartered all the bright sunshine of youth.

But if there's peace in your wee Thatchwood Cottage—
If strife and contentions ne'er come
To mar with unmusical discords
The charm of that pleasant word Home—
Say, may I not pause, Cousin Benja,
World-wearied, heart-sick and soul-weak,
To rest for an hour by its hearthstone,
And list to the strong words you speak?

REPLY TO ANNIE EMER.

What! tired of the world, Annie Emer,
Tired of the beautiful show?
Hast thou failed to discern through the glimmer,
The light that is destined to glow?
To me it is really a pleasure,
And life is a beautiful tramp,
Where each one is filling his measure
By the light of his own little lamp.

I know that its pathway is winding,
And the future is hard to discern;
But the joy in a walk is the finding
Something new every corner we turn.
And although there is much that seems homely,
If we study the problem to win,
We shall find their surroundings are only
The cause of their darkness and sin!

And should friendship prove wanting, when tested,
Yield not to despair—try again;
You will find that *true* love thus invested
Will bring rich rewards in the end.
Let us then take the world as we find it,
Believing, if well understood,
There is n't more shadow than sunshine,
There is n't more evil than good.

You ask, is there peace in our cottage,
If our hearthstone is free from all strife,
If unmusical discords ne'er enter,
To mar the sweet sunshine of life?
Ah yes, we oft meet with the tempter,
And yield to his absolute sway;
But we find it unpleasant, nor venture
Again to be found in his way.

Then come, if you wish our protection,
For our door is open, that all
May rest in our nest of affection,
If they feel it a pleasure to call.

“MOTHER OF MINE.”

Under the shade of my grandfather's woods,
In a brown little cottage half hid in its arms,
Where Nature speaks out in her mystical words,
And a meadow brook kindly is lending its charms—
Where the little ducks float on its silvery breast,
And the birds sing above in the musical pine;
Aside from the naughty old world, quite at rest,
Dwells the heart-loving, soul-loving mother of mine.

Under the shade of my grandfather's woods,
Late in the evening and early at morn,
Mother is seen in her garden of herbs,
Father is seen in his garden of corn.
Ah! lucky was he when he sought for a wife,
For a better one never on earth could he find,
To help wheel along the great wagon of life,
Than the heart-loving, soul-loving mother of mine.

Ever ready is she with her cruise and her basket,
And can give for a proof that I'm telling no lie,
A host of true souls in and out of the casket,
And a note on demand at her bank in the sky!
And so thin is the veil that is hanging between,
That I have not a doubt but the angels divine
Often come down through the shadows unseen
To the heart-loving, soul-loving mother of mine.

Talk of your mansions of free-stone and granite,
Of its towers, and verandahs, French windows and
hoods—

But keep back the vices that privately haunt it,
When you laugh at the cottage near grandfather's
woods;

For I know of some ladies that ride in a carriage,
And have a rich husband that comes home to dine,
Who would give all their wealth for a share in the
cottage,
With the heart-loving, soul-loving mother of mine.

Contented we live 'neath the shade and the roses,
My father and mother, my sister and I;
For God wrote our creed in the days of old Moses,
And handed it down through a hole in the sky.
Then come out and see us, ye savans of knowledge—
Some crumbs from our table may be for your good;
You will find us at home in our brown little cottage,
Under the shade of my grandfather's wood!

SPIRIT WHISPERINGS.

I will wait for thee, my brother,
In the land where I have gone ;
I will cheer thee on, my brother,
With my sweetest notes of song.

When thy brow is tired and weary,
And thy eyes with tears o'erflow ;
When all things seem dark and dreary,
In thy earthly home below ;

When the strange mysterious influence,
Steals upon the passive brain,
Trust in God for that assurance,
That shall follow in its train.

Strive no longer to destroy it,
Give away to its control—
Light shall come from clouds of darkness,
Peace shall gather round thy soul !

Analyze and find the treasure,
Bosomed in each passive thought ;
Every thing shall find its measure—
Nothing here shall come to naught.

Clouds may rise to hide thy vision,
Dim the light too bright for thee ;
Storms break o'er thy sweet elysian,
Leaving ripples on life's sea.

Yet a calm both sweet and holy,
Soon shall gather round thy soul;
Love's own mantle shall enfold thee,
Waves of peace around thee roll.

Put thy trust in God, my brother,
Let truth ever be thy chart;
Charity for one another,
Maketh up the counterpart.

MY LITTLE PLAYMATE.

We lived together, Ravalett and me,
We played the same games 'neath the same orchard tree,
As loving and happy as mortals could be—

My dear little cousin;
So gentle and kind that you could but adore,
And I loved him the best, though I had many more—
Nearly a dozen.

His face was so fair, with a sweet little nose,
And his cheeks—they were red like our grandmother's
rose,

While his hair was so wild, like the wind when it blows,
And his bright, laughing eyes
Were black like a cloud when the thunder is in it;
They would sparkle and twinkle all around in a minute,
Like the stars in the skies.

We linked hand in hand, and we ran down the glade,
To dance in the grass that grew under the shade,
All spotted with gold that the buttercups made

With their bright little heads;
And we looked in the hearts of the tender young flowers,
And thought them as happy and busy as ours,
Making their seeds.

Oh, well I remember—for it does not seem long
Since the great mellow sunshine laughed out in the morn,
When they sent us a letter and said he was gone—

He died with the brave.
Though I loved him the best — I had nearly a dozen —
I shall see nothing more of my dear little cousin,
Not even a grave.

NATURE'S WHISPERINGS.

How can you doubt that spirit friends
Dwell in some bright and happy sphere,
When every day your Father sends
So many proofs around you here?
Have you not seen the garden worm
Pass through its grave, the chrysalis?
Then wherefore does your spirit yearn
For greater proof than this?

Have you not seen the forest oak
Stripped of its leaves by Autumn's cold?
Though Winter all his powers evoke,
He reacheth not its soul!
The spirit of the oak survives
The chilling blast of Winter's reign;
And when the Spring again shall smile,
It putteth forth its leaves again.

Have you not seen the god of day,
Grown weary with his march and song,
Pass through the darkened midnight gate
To greet again the smiling morn?
All Nature bids you to behold
The changes through which all things go;
To cleanse—to purify the soul,
That higher truths may flow.

The worm that creeps upon the ground
Must slumber to recruit its powers,

Ere it can rise and float around,
On rainbow wings, 'mid Summer flowers.
So man, with all his boasted strength,
Must bow to laws he knows not of;
Accept their truths, and be content
To win them through the Heaven of love.

THE MORNING LESSON.

'Tis a beautiful morn in the May-time,
All Nature is dancing with joy,
And when she comes round by my window,
Throws in a sweet kiss for her boy !

For she knows I am one of her children,
That she is my friend and my mother ;
That I'm willing to be led by her always,
And will not be led by another.

She of late has been talking in riddles,
Jack Frost has been giving charades ;
Acting tableaux in the gardens,
Dancing around in the glades.

Some people began her to slander,
And thought she was getting insane—
Just because they could not understand her,
And so Mother Nature was blamed.

It is true they came out to Thatchwood
One night at a very late hour ;
And while stringing some pearls for the maples,
By accident trod on a flower !

Next morning they came with the twilight,
And bathed it all over with dews ;
Then warmed up its soul with the sunshine,
And 'tis now twice as strong for the bruise.

So I learned me a truth by the lesson,
And now I have made the resolve,
To ever be slow in condemning,
And wait till the problem is solved.

And thus with the children of Nature,
How many are doomed to be blamed;
Because the great world in its hurry,
Don't wait to hear them explain.

But out in the future before us,
We all shall be read and be known;
Then turn round ye time-wheels more quickly,
And hasten us weary ones home.

WEALTH AND WORTH.

There are thousands acres bending
With the weight of waving grain ;
There are thousands flocks extending
Over valley, hill and plain—
Very many wheels are turning,
Many sails are on the sea ;
But among their heaps of treasure,
Not one ounce belongs to me !

I care not who may count the wealth
In the fields of waving grain,
Or who has power to regulate
The commerce of the main ;
They cannot issue dividends,
In sunlight, air nor sea,
Or bottle up the balmy air,
To retail out to me.

What care I for deeds or titles,
Silver coins and bags of gold ?
They to me are nought but trifles—
They are what depraves the soul !
I've a treasure in the mountains,
In the flowers and in the sea ;
In the songs of birds and fountains—
These hold treasures dear to me.

Then throw aside thy sinful pleasure,
Tread the straight and pleasant road ;

Seek, oh, seek a heavenly treasure,
One that never can corrode.
Learn to love the great Creator,
Read His works in all abroad;
Strive to be a true partaker,
True to Nature, true to God!

KEEP NEARER TO THY GOD.

When in youth's downy path you tread,
And joy seems ever nigh;
When not a cloud is overhead,
And pleasure's sun is high;
Remember in those sunny walks,
Earth's fallen ones have trod;
Keep nearer to thy God, young man,
Keep nearer to thy God!

When manhood's dawn lights up the glade,
Pictured by fame and art,
And not a shadow comes to shade
The Spring-time of the heart;
Be careful how you stir the soil,
There is poison in the sod—
Keep nearer to thy God, young man,
Keep nearer to thy God!

Forget not that the brightest morn
Oft brings the darkest night;
That fortune blows her silver horn
From dizzy mountain's height.
The deadly serpent often coils
Where grows the greenest sod—
Keep nearer to thy God, young man,
Keep nearer to thy God!

Tear-drops may dim the brightest eye,
Life's after-fires burn low;

And cause the lightest heart to sigh
In sorrow, grief and woe ;
And worldly cares, and madly strife,
May round thy spirit throb ;
Keep nearer to thy God, young man,
Keep nearer to thy God ! .

LINES.*

Dear mother, listen to my song,
It thrills my very soul ;
I feel that I shall pass away,
While you are growing old.
But, mother, do not weep for me,
While waiting here below ;
I shall return to breathe my love—
“The angels told me so ! ”

I have a little sister dear,
In yonder spirit home ;
She's looking o'er the battlements,
And beck'ning me to come ;
So, when the angels call for me,
I certainly must go ;
She wants her brother with her there—
“The angels told me so.”

And, mother, when your locks grow grey,
And father's eyes grow dim,
When you shall hear the music play
From Heaven's seraphim,
We'll come down like a spirit lark,
When you are called to go,
And lead you o'er the river dark—
“The angels told me so.”

NOTE. — * These lines, and the three following pieces, were set to music by Cousin Benja, and often sung by him at his home.

THE LITTLE ONE.

It was a bright September morning,
In the Autumn of the year,
When the birds were going southward,
And the leaves were brown and sere,
That a little band of angels
Left their home to visit earth—
And they hovered o'er our cottage,
Singing of the "second birth."

On a couch of snowy whiteness,
Sick of life and tired of play,
Lay our little darling sister,
Waiting for the break of day ;
For the angels then were coming,
Pain and sorrow to subdue—
And they took our little darling
To their home beyond the blue.

Now when twilight gathers round us,
And the stars are in the sky,
Gently down the shining pathway
Comes our darling from on high—
And in silent whispering tells us
Of her spirit home above,
Where she, with holy angels,
Dwells in purity and love.

When temptations round me gather,
Oft methinks I hear her say,

“ Brother, let the spirit-teachings
 Lead thee in the better way.
Weep not, father, weep not, mother—
 Tears no more your eyes shall fill ;
Weep not, sister, weep not, brother—
 I will be your darling still.”

THATCHWOOD COTTAGE * SONG.

In the brown little cot by the wood-side,
Just under the brow of the hill,
Where man may touch palms with the angels,
When the heart of the great world is still—
It is there we are dwelling in gladness,
Father, mother, my sister and me;
For we never give shelter to sadness.

Little May always comes in the Spring-time,
Her apron of roses to spill;
Old Uncle October in Autumn,
Our baskets again to refill!
And Nature is helping us always,
To work out our mission of love;
While the angels come down at the twilight,
And bring us good news from above.

We have a dear little sister in Heaven,
That went home with the angels one morn;
And there she is waiting to meet us,
And wants us to hurry along.
So when we have grown little older,
And our locks have turned white like the snow,
She will come with her boat, for I told her
We then should be ready to go!
And then we shall all be in Heaven,
Father, mother, my sisters and me;

NOTE. — * The residence of Cousin Benja.

And should we go over before you,
We will hang out a signal for thee !
We will walk with the mighty procession,
Through paths that the angels have trod ;
And march up the hill of progression,
Leading up to the great fount, our God !

THREE LITTLE VERSES.

They are fitting up a bower
In the heavenly fields above,
Where the children of our Father
Dwell in purity and love.
There no dark superstition
Mars the beauty of our Lord;
Each one sees his true condition—
Each receives his just reward.

O! that children in the earth-life
Would but watch as well as pray;
Live more truthful and more Christ-like,
Growing stronger every day.
Would we feel the truth and beauty
Angels picture in their song,
Let us take the cross of duty
Daily, as we march along!

Did not Christ, the gentle teacher,
Tell us, when a pilgrim here,
That to know the joys of Heaven,
We must keep the conscience clear?
Each should be to each a brother,—
In his life he told us so;
Then, O let us love each other
While we are dwellers here below!

LETTER NUMBER TWO.

Retired and quiet stands our little brown home, cuddled down among the hills and trees in the green heart of a New England neighborhood, not many miles from that time-honored bay, whose waters, years ago, kissed the prow of the Pilgrim Mayflower. Bright and warm, full of home-joy and comfort, is our little parlor, with its cheerful wood-fire warming up with a mellow light the pictures and curtains, for you must know we are not subjects of the air-tight or Lehigh, as an old-fashioned pair of brass dogs are stretching out their yellow boots on the hearthstone.

It is true we have none of the glitter and glare of the showy city; none of that elegant furniture and silver ware that rich people pride themselves in possessing—my little seraphim being our only article of rosewood, and the nine teaspoons, standing in the little blue pitcher that was grandmother's, comprises our small stock of silver; consequently we are not troubled by Internal Revenues and tax-gatherers.

We have just got up from our simple, cosy meal. Father lies down to look over the evening paper, while mother takes away the tea-things. We had pancakes and cheese for supper—it is Valentine's day, you know, and we like to indulge now and then in those old-fashioned ways of grandmother's. It carries me back again to the time when, a little child, I sat on a low stool by her side

and listened to the funny stories about the birds choosing their mates, how the girls went a harking to hear who their future husbands should be, and of the queer looking valentines that were sent to Ruth through the post office. Ah me, how I wish somebody would send me a love missive, with a cupid riding on a butterfly!

To-day I thought I should not write, but be off to the woods in search of mosses and lichens; for although the dark gray curtains of Winter have shut out the perfume of the rose and locust flower, and we hear no more the bird-song in the meadow, yet I know the Spirit of the Beautiful is abroad, and always comes when we summon it. But the brown clouds soon commenced to gather in the sky, the wind blew from the east, and I knew that a storm was at hand, so I hastened home and sat down by the window to await its coming. It proved to be a snow storm. Now I like storms of all kinds; but a snow storm in Winter is my choice, because it covers out of sight all the rude and homely things, and converts the world into one great picture gallery; and nowhere does the snow artist chisel so exquisitely as around some old farmhouse in the country.

Busy hands have commenced their magic work in the door-yard, turning the gate-posts into parian vases, and transforming the homely old wood-pile into coral grottos, from whence roses unfold their snowy petals and camellias smile from out their deep gorges. Already has the old rustic summer-house in the garden become a thing of beauty, with its columns of purest alabaster, twined around with white morning glories, hanging out their mossy tassels, and sending up their magnificent leaves and tendrils to catch hold of the arched roof of the same snowy hue, fretted and carved like some ancient Gothic cathedral.

It takes money to buy antique vases and costly statuary; but, thank God, the snow artist chisels for nothing,

and gives it to the poor. Jacob calls this all nonsense, and reminds me that I had better be trying to whittle out an axe handle—he is always throwing a wet blanket over my enthusiasm—but I tell him to walk in his own path, if its light be sufficient for him, while I choose to walk where I can clothe my thoughts in forms of beauty; for all things good and pure come to me through the manifestations of Nature.

I will admit that wooden ware, like all things material, have their uses. Gold and silver coins sell for high premiums, while ten shares of railroad stock will entitle one to a nod from the heads of all the rich men in the village. They are all very good in their place, and each has its paltry value in the market; but they cannot satisfy the cravings of the soul—they will never spiritualize mankind. Railroad stocks and the price of cotton are an abstraction, but thistle-down and snow-flakes floating on the breeze, a pleasing reality, because they are governed by immutable laws that bring us into closer communion with God and the angels.

There is a spirit abroad in the air everywhere, that speaks itself always; it is the spirit of all things, and is the delight of all things. The snow that has fallen during the day, and veiled old Mother Earth from our sight, speaks of itself as it is—it speaks of nothing else, yet it leads us to think of much else. It appeals to our sensibilities as nothing else has power. We may not give to the snow-flake the credit of our emotions to-day, so unlike those of yesterday, yet it helps to make us what we are to-day, so unlike what we were yesterday; and so of all the manifestations of Nature. They appeal to us each in their varied emotions of beauty, sublimity and power, and that appeal reaches us with that degree and force with which we have capacitated ourselves to receive its beauties, whether they be of Nature, literature, or art. The great world don't know this—don't

know that it takes from all things just its own degree of development to appreciate those things. He who has reached but one degree, beholds naught but raging fury and madness of the elements, and deploras the labor the storm will make, or immediately begins to count on the benefits in assisting him to draw a load of box-logs.

He who has developed to the second degree, would correspondingly draw from that degree of influence that the storm casts off from itself, and it would be proportioned to his condition in all the particular phrases of his own peculiar likes and dislikes. And so on up the hill of development, until we find him inquiring of the snowflake from whence it came and how. If it ever was a dew-drop in the pearly nectar cup of some Southern flower? You will find him inquiring if that attraction that drew those liquid elements together, and caused them to embrace each other, was in a minor degree the same moving spirit of the universal mind that attracts affinities, and causes them to blend in one holy reunion of kindred spirits. And he would receive from the snowflake that degree of intelligence that his own active development called out.

And so on through all things, we take that which we are developed to receive; thus a person's loves and hates determine to a discriminating mind his degree of development. People don't realize this truth, neither do they know that like all things in Nature, they themselves give off their influence; consequently a susceptible person knows whether they are of the rose nature, or of the onion — whether of the thistle, or of the down.

FLOWERS.

There are three things that I have a most absorbing passion for—trees, flowers and birds; but to-day I hardly know which I love best; but I think I shall be off to the wildwood in quest of flowers. From my school-boy days I have always been a lover of flowers. On the bank of the “silver lake” was a fine place for early flowers; and many a time did I hide away from my schoolmates in quest of the very earliest flowers of Spring.

One day, while brushing away the decaying leaves of last year, I came upon the loveliest bunch of Mayflowers, opening their little sparkling eyes to the sunshine. You cannot imagine the joy they gave me, as I bounded off to carry them to my teacher; and I well remember the eager pleasure with which she received them, and her face mantled with sweet smiles, as she greeted the beloved flowers. Would that I could strew flowers along the path of every brother and sister in the land.

What unheard-of quantities of flowers have I taken from their shady birth-places to my little garden, which my father gave me. And then how have I pitied them, for fear they would not live; but flowers always thrive with me as if they knew I loved them; and I sometimes thought they did; for the flowers have taught me more than words can tell. There are those who inquire—“What is the use of spending so much time and money

for something to look at?" Poor mortals! they know not that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." The utilitarian, perhaps, will rebuke this trifling record, and remind me that I had better lay it by or give it to the poor and needy. Most gladly would I give a home to all the destitute. and ever ready am I to share my food with the suffering poor. But gold and silver are to me an *abstraction*; Morning Glories a most *pleasing reality*.

Do not misunderstand me, however; it is simply my way of saying that gold and silver are not *wealth*. I know that public opinion is to the contrary, but it is nevertheless a mistake. Therefore, blame me not if I turn aside from the path of public sentiment, to gather flowers in shady nooks, and play with geniis in hidden grottos.

DIED,

August 28th, 1864, SALLY CURTIS BRADFORD; aged 58 years, 1 month.

I thought, as I sat by the lowly bedside
Of this dearly-loved friend, that has sickened and died,
And saw the sweet peace on her calm, patient face,
Where the angel of suffering had left its deep trace,
With the seal of God's love on her forehead so cold,
Oh, blest is the lot of her beautiful soul!

And I thought, is it Christian to disturb her sweet dream?
Like rending the chords of the heart though it seem;
She had finished her work in the vineyard below;
She had bound up her sheaves and was waiting to go,
With a soul full of wisdom, with a heart full of love,
To work for her Lord in His vineyard above.

Then why should we mourn, for many there be
Who hath loved her in life, and are weeping with me;
For she knew the world only as sisters and brothers,
And has lived for the good she could do unto others;
To comfort the aged, to rejoice with the young,
And has shown us her *faith* by the *works* she has done.

And now as the hour of departure drew near,
With her anchor and chart, she had nothing to fear;
For God in His Infinite wisdom had given,
While she waited below, a sweet foretaste of Heaven.
And the angels were there with a lingering breath,
To light up the way through the valley of death.
Then taking the path that our Saviour once trod,
She went up to join in the worship of God.

Shall we weep? shall we mourn that her sufferings are
o'er?

Shall we wish her again on this tiresome shore?

Do we sigh when the flower gives way to expand

Its little fruit-life for the glory of man?

Are we heard to complain that the acorn must fall,

To develop itself in its leaf-covered hall?

No! for we see that progression is ever displayed,

Through the laws that our Father in wisdom hath made.

Then mourn not for those who pass under the rod,

For their souls shall expand in the glory of God!

There is strength in the thought that our loved ones in
bliss

Still love us the same while we tarry in this;

But a joy to the heart that can truly believe

In the beautiful truth, that we often receive

Some lesson of wisdom, some message of love,

To cheer us below till we meet them above.

That sometimes the orient curtains unfold,

To reveal the bright glow of that shadowless world;

And sweet are the songs of the angelic band—

“We shall meet thee again in that Beautiful Land!”

HOLY MUSINGS.

Here I am, seated once more in my arbor, which is one of Nature's own planting, and a beautiful one it is; carpeted with moss, enameled with wild flowers, and spanned by a canopy of foliage, various in shade and hue. It is here that I often come when the twilight smiles, and commune with Nature, all alone with God! How elevating the thought—all alone with God! No profane oaths are heard, for the little birds never take the name of their Creator in vain, but praise him continually for his goodness! No fretting is heard from the streamlets to sadden the heart, for if a rock or crag obstructs their path, they turn one side and dance onward, singing as merrily as ever. No discord is heard among the tree-tops; though their branches shoot in different directions, they quarrel not, but nod to each other lovingly, for all are striving upward! Oh, that man would learn a lesson of wisdom, and be perfect, for Nature is a mine of wealth, and everything teaches a lesson of instruction; from the great oak that flutters its myriads of leafy wings in the breeze, to the little flower by the wayside; from the tiny insect that swims the sunny air to the wave-washed shell on the sea shore! Then come out among them, ye thousands of hearts that feel a yearning of soul for something, ye know not what! Nature will pay her respects to you, and tell you how much she will love you, and how sweetly she will

smile upon you, if you will listen to her instructions, and give her a passing thought.

Nature is the great missionary of God; she preaches to us forever in all the tones of love, and writes truths on everything; she illuminates the world with stars and sunlight, and yet men understand her not! Oh, is it not the saddest of all things to think of? Then let me say to young and to old, gather flowers and be happy; teach the little child to love the beautiful, and he will flee from the vicious and ungodly; do not laugh at him because the little daisy that blossoms in the cow-pasture delights him more than bits of yellow gold in your port-monaie! Suppose he never makes a "stock holder," he may become an Angel-teacher in the paradise of God! But I am prosing; so I will gather up my wild-flowers and oak-knarls. The latter I will make into something pretty, and perhaps before the new moon that is now peeping faintly through the twilight becomes big and round, I shall pull the string at the Cultivator office and present it to the Editor.

HE IS DEAD.*

In the quiet, gray old farm-house,
When the corn was growing green;
Where the sunlight kissed the hill-tops,
And the shadows lay between—
By the little wooden gate-way,
There were sounds of coming feet;
Good-bye, Father; good-bye, Mother,
This was all the lips could speak.

When the call "to arms" was sounded,
And the nation's pulse beat low,
With heroic zeal he hastened
To resist his country's foe.
With the stars and stripes before him,
By his side the glistening steel;
Full of hopes and manly courage,
Entered he the tented field.

Well he knew this great rebellion
Would cost many a precious life;
Knew the dangers must be fearful,
On that battle-field of strife!
But he heeded not the shadows
Flitting through his heart and mind—

* ALLYN HOLMES, JR., cousin of Cousin Benja, of Co. I, 4th Mass. Reg't, died in New Orleans, of typho-malarial fever, March 28th, 1863; aged 21 years, 3 months, 10 days.

God and Union were his watch-words ;
Liberty to all mankind !

In the quiet, gray old farm-house,
Anxious hearts are waiting there ;
Bring, oh bring to them some message,
Ere they yield to dark despair !
What can mean this long delaying ?
Why should he so soon forget !
I have read the papers daily—
He's not in the battle yet !

Can it be that he has sick'ned ?
He that was so strong and well ?
If he has, then I should know it ;
Some one there would be to tell !
Did I say I had been dreaming ?
What can mean that muffled sound ?
Hark ! it is the death-beat echo,
On the Southern camping-ground !

Sick ! and I not there to nurse him ;
I who loved him as my own—
Dead ! and no one to caress him ;
Far away from friends and home.
From the battle—from the fever,
He has been discharged at last ;
Angel, ope the gates of Heaven,
And let the weary soldier pass.

Comrades, gather round your brother,
Lay him in the starry shroud ;
Kiss him once for his poor mother—
It may help dispel the cloud.
Quietly he now reposes,
Faded all his childhood dreams ;
Make his grave among the roses,
On the shores of New Orleans.

He has crossed beyond the river,
Left his musket on the shore ;
He is now off guard forever—
He has heard the muffled oar !
Just beyond the spirit portals,
Where angels chant the Heavenly joys ;
In the land of the immortals,
God will care for soldier boys.

One word more to those who hear me—
Do not chide the falling tear ;
Many hearts respond the echo,
Many wait in hope and fear.
And to you, who still possessing
All your friends, and social joys,
Don't forget those many blessings
Cost the lives of soldier boys.

ADVICE GRATUITOUS.

Come listen, good girls, give ear and attention,
I've a bit of advice to be given away ;
More especial to those who have now an intention
Of choosing a "love of a husband" some day.

I've been taking notes, in one way and another,
Of this kind of goods, and its true market price ;
And I feel called upon, as a friend and a brother,
To give you a sensible bit of advice !

When you make your *debut* with the little god Cupid,
Look well to the heart that wants to exchange ;
For there is many a one that is slothful and stupid,
Touched up for the sale with a pinion of flame.

You will find there are some that are always a telling
Of what they have done, and of what they can do ;
But their works, nor their words they are never fulfilling—
'Tis only gas-bubbles they are blowing for you.

Don't list a word to their "love in a cottage,"
Of their "honest intentions to shield you from labor ;"
When they make you their wife they will keep you on
pottage,
And the deed of your cot will belong to your neighbor.

This purring and cooing while you remain single,
Will do very well for your air-castle nest ;
But a dinner of beef, in a home under shingles,
You will find quite essential to mix with the rest.

Then you will find some of such delicate mind,
That they would not say "*smell*," it would be such a
sin—

They belong to a class called the double-refined,
Be careful, good girls, they are *gassy* within.

Better wed some young farmer—that is, if you can,
With a pile of rough boards, rake, hatchet and hoes;
With a patch on his knee and his cheek burnt with tan—
He is worth half-a-score of your dandy young beaus.

What if he don't come but once in a week;
What if he don't call you "dearest" and "honey;"
He will give you a home and plenty to eat—
A heart that is true, and a part of his money.

What if he cannot sing, fiddle and dance,
And make a great noise about nothing at all?
Does the bray of the donkey his value enhance,
Or the mud in the streamlet give force to the fall?

Then don't be in haste when you make your selection,
Choose a common-sense man—be a common-sense
wife;

It may save you from many sad hours of reflection,
As you travel together down the great march of life.

A MORNING'S RAMBLE.

Mr. Editor :—May I tell you some of the many beauties that cluster around my cottage home? It is a little romantic spot, cuddled down lovingly within a circlet of hills; and from this, my seat under the outstretched arm of a fine oak, where I sit scribbling, you may see my paths through forest, glen, field and meadow, bestrewn with flowers. And there is the green, shady nook, where I often sit beneath the towering maples, listening to the merry notes of the feathered warblers, as they pour forth their harmonious songs! And as you gaze east, over the fields of waving grain, you see the green pastures, with cows and sheep chewing their cud while lying under shady trees by the side of the quiet pond. Oh, how I wish you were here with me this moment, *Mr. Editor*, to drink in the grandeur of the scenery; and if your memory be a daguerreotype machine, you might place this lovely landscape in the halls of it, where you could view it when your soul needs the refreshings of rural scenery!

It is a beautiful morning. Clear and glorious is the sky above; bright and beautiful is the earth beneath. I have just returned from a long ramble through fields and meadows, with hands brim full of wild flowers. And oh, how I love a morning like this to commune with God “in the temple of Nature!” When I look around among my friends and acquaintances, and find so large a num-

ber of them that see nothing to love in the sturdy oak but its measurement in ship timber, and no beauty in the crystal waterfall but its power of labor, my heart pities them. Alas ! Nature does not speak to their souls in the soft, low tones of earnest love, as she does to mine, for they have lost all their love for child-like and gentle things. But I must quit this and hie away with my wild flowers, and twine of them a spiral ladder from earth to heaven, that angels may descend and teach men to fix their attention more on the beautiful and the good ! And may your path be strewn with the sweet flowers of piety, love and truth, is the sincere wish of Cousin Benja.

[Written by request.]

OBITUARY.

Died in Providence, R. I., Jan. 3, 1861, of scarlet fever, MARY ELIZABETH HOLMES, aged 12 years; daughter of Lothrop T. and Elizabeth H. Holmes.

It was early in the twilight morn on Jordan's blissful
strand,

The angels touched their golden harps to call the spirit
band,

Then hung them on the willow boughs, just on the other
side,

And with the dreaded boatman pale came over on the
tide.

Within a bright and happy home, where all was joy and
mirth,

A little child, that long had been an angel round the
hearth,

Hung up her little hat and shawl, and put her school-
books by,

And on a couch of snowy white laid down in youth to
die.

Death came and set his signet seal upon that brow so
fair,—

He took the roses from her cheeks and left the lilly
there;

Then folded up her little hands upon her pulseless breast,
Just like a little lamb, you know, when lying down to
rest.

Then go and find some pretty spot to lay the precious
dead,

And Spring will bring forget-me-nots to scatter o'er her
head;
The stars will keep a midnight watch, the gentle winds
will play,
And birds will sing their sweetest songs, to chase the
gloom away.

But did there not a spirit gem dwell in this little form,
That like the stream came gushing forth, in merry laugh
and song?
That shone from out those sparkling eyes, and danced
around her brow?
Oh yes, there was, and let me ask, where is that spirit
now?

Is it in some far, distant realm, above the starry throne,
Beyond the reach of mortal thought the spirit finds its
home?
And will she never come again, that little family dove,
To whisper in her parent's ear some gentle words of
love?

Ah yes, I feel it must be so, 'tis true as it is fair,
She loved you dearly when on earth, she'll not forget
your there;
For Heaven's gates are left ajar, and oft their golden
Makes music, as through them they come, sweet mes-
sages to bring.

Then Father, Mother, do not weep, but bless the loving
hand,
That took "dear little Mary" home to join the angel
band;
And may she be a guiding star, that God to you has
given,
To guide you on, through faith and hope, to yon peren-
nial Heaven!

OBITUARY.

Died in Kingston, Mass., Dec. 9th, 1858, AMANDA A., wife of CEPHAS WASHBURN; aged 22 years.

She has crossed the dark river and the deep-rolling tide;
She has gone to the land where the lovely reside;
She has left behind, like a wave-washed shell,
The form in which she once did dwell,
And has passed away to her home on high,
In the land where no shadows shall darken the sky;
And the angel-winged harpers come down the shore,
To sing and rejoice that her journey is o'er.

How beautiful thus from the earth to part,
With a trusting faith and a pure young heart;
To behold the glories now hid from our view,
Which our eyes have not seen, and our hearts never
knew,

To twine into wreaths the fadeless flowers,
And to roam with our friends through the spirit-bowers;
To tune our harps by the shining band,
And learn the songs of the better land!

Though they sing above, there is grief on earth,
For her smile is missed by the fireside hearth—
Her voice is hushed by her husband's side,
And he weeps great drops for his fair young bride—
And his eyes grow dim, and his form is bowed,
And he thinks of her now in her long, white shroud,
And presses his motherless child to his heart;
Oh, who can but weep when the lovely depart?

Though we mourn their departure, 'tis a joy to believe
In the beautiful truth, that we often receive
Some lesson of wisdom, or message of love,
To cheer us below till we meet them above ;
Then, when again the boatman pale
Shall come for us, with his whitened sail,
May he find us a faithful, trusting band,
And take us home to the better land.

OBITUARY.

Died in Kingston, Jan. 8, 1859, ELISHA McLAUTHLEN, Jr.; aged 33 years, 9 months.

Oh, ye watchers of the upper skies, ye harpers on the
plain,
Why did you send your gondolier so soon to earth again?
And why, if he must come at all, didn't take our cher-
ished one,
While others, sick and tired of earth, have waited long
to come? .

Virtue and health had made him strong to pass through
toil and strife,
To meet the evil and the good, that cross our path in
life;
And was it not a cruel thing to strike that fatal blow,
While all the true and noble hearts are needed here
below!

Oh no, we do not think it wrong, and would not thus
complain;
Although he's taken from our view, he loves us all the
same;
For when they pass the second birth, and breathe the
heavenly sphere,
They work a greater good on earth than when a dweller
here.

And yet 'twas sad to have him pass across the darkened
sea,
And all that knew and loved him here, are weeping just
like me;
Yet still we feel that just beyond, where parting is no
more,
He's joined the happy spirit-band of "loved ones gone
before."

How cheering is the thought that still we have their
watchful care;
That when with hearts bowed down with grief, we turn
to God in prayer,
They wander down the shining track with all their early
love,
And bring with them a spirit-balm of healing from
above.

And oft when sin is lurking near, unnoticed and unheard,
To steal away the sacred thoughts that in our bosoms
stirred,
Methinks the loving, cheering words they whisper on the
air,
Sink down within our heart of hearts, to shield it from
all care.

I know, I *feel* the picture is as true as it is fair,—
We love each other while on earth, we'll love each other
there;
Believing this a "healing-balm" shall reach the wound-
ed part,
And peace shall fold her wings again within the troubled
heart.

ELISHA.

'Tis twilight hour,—I've come again
To sit where thou art laid ;
I thought to feel thy presence round
This dear old forest shade ;
You know how often when on earth
We walked beneath these trees,
And questioned of that second birth,
Beyond the ether seas.

I told you if I first should go,
And leave this earthly sphere,
I'd seek those hidden truths to know
That mystify us here.
And if I had the power to roam,
I oft would come again,
And tell you of my spirit home,—
You promised me the same.

And now, my dear, my faithful friend,
So ever true to me,
Say, can you read these thoughts I pen,—
The thoughts I have of thee ?
And do you know how very oft
My spirit longs to fly
To starry chambers of the Lord,
Beyond the ether sky ?

I willingly would sit me down
And wash my Saviour's feet;
I'd bear for Him the thorny crown,
If I with thee could meet.
Then if you hear my call to-night,
Ask in our Father's name,
That He may give thee strength aright,
To visit earth again.

Then come and throw thy influence round,
And with that power divine
Enfold within thy spirit arms
This weary soul of mine;
I would not be an erring child,
If I could know the way,
But to the right my stubborn heart
Should meekly bow to-day.

Then come to me, oh angel one,
Baptize me with thy love,
And lead me through these thorny paths
To brighter fields above.

THE LITTLE STREAM.

I found a little stream to-day, the merriest thing alive,
That danced and prattled on its way, like a little child of
five ;

And o'er the rocks and silent ferns in one melodious
strain,

It scattered drops of pearly dew, like gentle showers of
rain ;

As Nature's pets are always hid in shades of solitude,
So was this little stream I found while travelling in the
wood.

For many a week the northern blast had piped both loud
and shrill,

And many were the crystal wreaths that crowned the
wood and hill ;

And yet the stream kept on its way, in laughter and in
song,

As careless as in Summer-time, when sunny days are
long ;

It did not sing a plaintive note, so merry was its mood—
That little stream I found to-day, while walking in the
wood.

Within this little mirror wild, were pebbles black as jet,
And on its bank were mosses green, all tremulous and
wet ;

'Twas long, long since a southern breeze had fanned its
smiling face,

And not a ray of sunlight, so dreary was the place,

And yet it sang a cheerful song, where the tall cedars
stood,
That little stream I found to-day while walking in the
wood.

What kept this little stream so long from icy fetters free?
Had not Jack Frost sufficient time to twine a wreath for
thee?

Or was it that the Fairy's court had thrown a magic
round,
That they might dip their silver cups and list its cheerful
sound;
Oh, no; there was a fountain pure that had the blast
withstood,
That fed this little stream I found while walking in the
wood.

I mused upon this little stream, so clear and light it ran,
And wondered if the stream of thought within the heart
of man,

Was ever known to be congealed and coated o'er with
snow,
When pure and bright the fountain was from whence the
stream did flow?

Then may we feed our streams of thought with that
most pure and good—

And learn a lesson from the stream, that wandered in the
wood.

But I will leave my little pet with yellow leaves to play,
And may it cheer the hearts of all it meets upon its way;
Then listen to its wildwood song; it hath a power divine,
I would that I could melt men's hearts as it has melted
mine,

And teach them ever more to sing through life's long
solitude,
The merry song I learned to-day, while walking in the
wood.

THERMOMETER 101.

Goody gracious! "What hot weather!"
We shall melt and run together,—
Oldest people say they never,
 Never saw the like before!
Hot, and hotter still 'tis growing;
Mercury up to overflowing—
Not a breath of air is blowing
 Through the blinds or in the door!

What a stir among the ladies,
Saints and sinners, maids and babies;
How the emigration rages
 For Saratoga and the Falls!
On they move, the "Hotel guestes"
Trunks packed down like modern presses;
Roller-skates and bathing-dresses,
 Newport hats and travelling shawls!

Mark your baggage—take your check,
All is safe except your neck,
Providence will that protect,
 As credit due the corporation;
Now for comfort, what can hinder?
Close the blinds and raise the winder,
Never mind the dust and cinder—
 We shall soon be at the "station"!

Baggage masters pulling, hauling,
 Nurses running, children squalling—
 Cab and hackman loudly calling,
 “Carriage! Carriage!” quick and tell ’m—
 “Make room yonder, if you please,”
 Never mind a little squeeze;
 Comfort, luxury and ease
 Await us all at “Hotel Pelham.”

“The trunks unpacked?” then hasten in,
 For when the rich displays begin,
 ’Tis always sure to raise the *wind*
 Among the “TONS” in fashion’s school.
 Clouds of envy, great and small,
 Are gathering around the hall;
 The mercury, too, begins to fall—
 How great the cost to keep one cool!

Can you tell me, cousin Job,
 Of those people *a la mode*?
 Think I saw them on the road—
 “ Yes, but we must whisper low,
 ’Tis Mr. Bird, his wife and daughter—
 Have lived a year on bread and water,
 That they might come and ‘board a quarter,’
 To ‘recruit their health’ you know.”

Thus we live—and thus we find
 That half the world of human kind,
 Starve the body, soul and mind,
 To gratify some foolish passion;
 Wasting years that they may gain
 A pompous crown, an empty name;
 They reach the goal—but not the fame,
 Then die a slave to pride and fashion.

Alas! that we should scheme and plot,
 To seem and be what we are not;

Thus make ourselves a worthless blot
 Upon the page of time's great journal.
For life, at best, is but a span,
Yet would a blessing prove to man,
If he would but his powers expand,
 And reap rewards in life eternal.

CHARLEY OAKES AND KITTY LEE.

Near a mill where two ways meet,
Trode hard by little children's feet,
Where honeysuckles form a line
Of flowers through all the summer time,
Two children played beneath a tree—
Charley Oakes and Kitty Lee.

They were playing where a stream
Ran away with youth's young dream,
As they whiled away the hours
Twining wreaths of leaves and flowers ;
Counting neither time nor pence—
Both had hearts of innocence ;
They were little children then,
Kitty eight, and Charley ten.

See them taking hold of hands,
Measuring foot-prints in the sands :
Kitty's white like flakes of snow,
Charley's longest—'most a toe ;
" So, Kitty, I must go ahead,"
" And I will follow you," she said ;
" And when a little taller, see !
Then you can walk beside of me "—
Kitty she was three feet, four,
Charley Oakes a trifle more.

“Let me help you o’er the brook ;
See us walking, Kitty, look !”
“Them are shadows, Charley Oakes,
Shadows ain’t the *real* folks ;
That’s what mother calls ideal,
You and me are what is real !”
Children say some wiser things,
Oftentimes than men or Kings.

Twenty years have come and flown ;
Kitty’s foot has longer grown—
And often at the twilight hours,
Where once the children gathered flowers,
Two lovers meet where once they played :
A brawny youth and dark-eyed maid—
“You are tall enough to walk with me,”
Said Charley Oakes to Kitty Lee !

The brook is running just as still,
Turning the wheels of Jacob’s mill ;
And on its bank, half hid from view,
Stands a cottage, nearly new ;
Busy hands are working there—
Hearts made strong by toil and care,
Aided by the spade and plough—
Kitty drives for Charley now !

Close beside the door are seen,
Playing on the grass so green,
Little shadows now more real—
Kitty thinks them not ideal ;
And she calls them real folks,
Little Charles and Kitty Oakes !

NATURAL AND HAPPY.

I am Nature's own child—I am wild and romantic,
I love the green fields and the shady old wood;
And the songs of the streamlets—oh, they drive me
most frantic,
As they dance o'er the pebbles in frolicsome mood!

There's the old rustic bridge that was built by our fathers,
And the wall by the cow-path, so mossy and old,
Is more dear to my heart than a bag full of dollars;
Than the rustling of silks, or the shining of gold;

And oft when my hopes in the future do falter,
And visions of darkness have shrouded the mind;
With a mossy old stump in the woods for an altar,
Have I prayed that my heart be kept gentle and kind.

Let those who delight heaps of gold to be piling,
Pile on, if they choose, till it reaches the blue;
But be sure that when death sends his arrows a flying,
That a balance of credit has been given to you!

I know it is thought when the beard has grown stronger,
And a row of dark whiskers has mantled the face,
That we should be childlike and gentle no longer,
And to "become like a child" is almost a disgrace!

Just let a man live in accordance with Nature,
Appear as God made him, and use common sense,
He would soon take a trip out to Taunton or Worcester,
Where his board would be paid as a public expense !

I know that my friends are oft shocked at my capers,
And wish I would learn to behave like a man ;
Wear fashionable airs in preference to Nature's—
And I'd like much to please them, but 'tis more than I
can.

They may laugh at my notions, and say that I'm odd,
But I care not a whit for the laugh or the sneer ;
If I'm true to my nature, and true to my God,
'Twill be well with me always, with nothing to fear.

DIED,

At the Union Hospital, in Memphis, Tenn., August 31, 1863, WILLIAM SOULE, of Duxbury, Mass., aged 44 years; a member of Co. G, 38th Reg' Mass. Vols.

[Written by request.]

Dead ! and buried a two months ! oh, it cannot be true—

My husband, my William ! no it cannot be him !

He has had his discharge—for he wrote me the news—

I am expecting him home every day on the train !

He said he must go, for his country was calling—

And should men she protected think to shrink from
the cause

When the Stars and the Stripes of the Nation were
falling ?

So he buckled his belt and went off to the wars.

He left me alone with my two little children,

But I tried to bear up 'neath my heart-breaking load ;
And I kept back the tears that my eyes would be filling,
Till I saw him go round a turn in the road.

And I thought to be calm, and bow in submission,

For I knew there were other homes lonely like mine ;
And I prayed that my father would grant him permission
Once more to return to those waiting behind.

But he sent me a letter—he had sickness already,

For his health with the climate would never agree ;
And I saw by the lines that his hand was unsteady,
When he spoke of his home, of the children and me.

Then he said he was coming, once more should I meet
him,

So I kept back the tear-drops welling up in my eye ;
While the autumn was fading I waited to greet him,
But, alas ! they had left him among strangers to die.

No mother to bless him,
No wife to caress him,
And lighten the clouds on that dark, dreary day ;
Not even a token
For the hearts they have broken,
Is returned for the life they have taken away.

When they raise their glad voices,
And the Nation rejoices,
As the stars and the stripes in the heavens are spread ;
Do they think of the others,
Wives, children and mothers,
Who have nothing to cheer them,—not even their dead !

LETTER NUMBER THREE.

March 4th.—"We shall have a wild, stormy night," said father, as he came in with the maple back-log in his arms. The dark, heavy-laden clouds had been gathering in the sky for some hours, and already the grand old harper of Nature had commenced striking the key-note to the dying requiem of Winter; now shrieking, like a mad lunatic, down through the naked branches of the birches, like Jeremiah of old, pouring forth its deep lamentations through the sombre aisles of the green-wood; now lying low and whispering gently to the dry autumn leaves that are trying to catch a little nap under the hedges by the wayside.

So we closed the blinds to the sitting-room windows, put some potatoes in the ashes to roast, lit the kerosene, and gathered ourselves around the little mahogany table that was to be the centre of our evening's entertainment. Here is my writing-desk, with its scraps of paper and pencils; a vase of heliotrope and geranium flowers stand near, filling the room with their sweet fragrance, while a little music-box is playing its sweet German airs on the what-not.

It is true there will be no evening papers to read; but as we have no ships coming in, no stocks or dividends to rise or fall, we think to make ourselves very happy without it. So taking a little case of miniatures from the table drawer, I have busied myself in looking at the different expressions of character, and contrasting their

various forms of beauty, until I came to the sweet child-face of my little angel sister, who, when the September month was making out her programme for the Autumn, and looping up her golden robes for the harvest-time, left us weeping under the great cloud of sorrow, and went up to live with "Our Father which art in Heaven."

Then there was the plain but honest face of my old grandmother, with her blind eye. How natural! I could look no longer, for the tears were coming; so I shut my eyes, while my thoughts ran down the little stairway into my heart-chamber where her memory lives, and I thought of the time when, years ago, we closed the coffin-lid over her tired, wearied form, and laid it away to rest under the snow-wreaths in the church-yard. Dear old Grandmother! She is in Heaven now, for her treasures were those that help form the golden bridge whereon we are to cross the dark river to our mansions not made with hands, in the spirit realms beyond. But I often feel her gentle presence as it comes wafted on the celestial breezes, lighting up the dark way-paths of life, and helping me to shun all things that make the soul grow poor.

Reader, have you not an aged grandmother or a blue-eyed sister looking over the pearly battlements of the star-chambers? And would it not shorten the way and make it more pleasant could you realize those heaven-born truths of spirit communion, and dwell in the sweet atmosphere of the angel love?

Then come out from your prison-house of bondage, for is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment? And instead of toiling early and late over real estate and bank stocks, and wearing out your life in the great show-rooms of Mammon, go out into the sanctuary of Nature, and there read from her mossy tablets those eternal truths penciled by the never-erring fingers of Deity, and drink into your thirsty souls living inspiration

as it flows down fresh from the never sealed fountains of the New Jerusalem. Then shall the angels descend and lay upon thy heart's altar the white flowers of peace and love, and thy soul shall be clothed in the garments of truth, whose spotless array shall make thee free and happy.

March 9th.—I had long ago promised myself this visit, but as my rustic baskets must be finished for the New York fair, it could not be made until the last nail had been driven in the packing-boxes, and they had been labelled and stamped as the law directs. I then dressed myself in hat and shawl, and turned my steps toward Happy Valley, the home of Aunt Linda.

The morning, after shaking hands with a dark and stormy night, came up from the depths of old ocean, with her robes decked with the frost jewels sparkling in the glad sunshine. Was there ever mortal more happy than I on this bright, frosty morning? now climbing the old zigzag wall, or sitting down under its brow to look at the pretty mosses growing on its rough, gray stones—blessed texts, that have preached to me so many lessons of truth and wisdom; now tripping over the fields gathering boquets of crystalline grasses; now sliding across the glaring ice ponds, and picking the frozen cranberries from the crisp meadow vines.

But as all our earth journeys must come to an end, I soon had the satisfaction of seeing the smoke curling up among the trees from the broad chimney-top, and the old iron padlock hanging loose upon the door as I lifted the great wooden latch and entered the low porch of Aunt Linda's dwelling. It is a simple illustration of country life, nestled down on a bright spot of sunshine in the heart of a great woods, where the frogs serenade the moon and stars through the warm spring nights, and the birds haunt the vales in the summer time. An oak spreads its giant arms and keeps guard over the little

gateway, and wild elders, entwined with raspberry bushes, form a hedge by the roadside—for Aunt Linda lets Nature have pretty much her own way, and the result is, she has many more attractions than rich neighbors, who live in large, painted houses, and train yellow trumpet-flowers on checker-board trellises.

Would you like to see this little home, LUTHER? Then let me jog your memory, for methinks you have seen many an one standing near the bend of a road in the old country woods, when you used to take that little willow basket on your arm and go blue-berrying away down in the golden fields of childhood.

Sitting down by the seven-by-nine window that had let in the sunshine for nearly a century, looking at the dried holly leaves over the walnut-frame looking-glass, I thought of the old loom and the warping-bars up in the garret—the little wheel and the cradle—the old red cradle that Gean and Esther dreamed away their babyhood in, to the tune of “Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber.” while Aunt Linda drew out the long, silky threads from the maple distaff.

Supper being ready, we sat down to the low Pembroke table, neatly spread with its snowy cloth. There were the white plates with the green edges—the blue-and-white cups and saucers—and *such a cup of tea!*—gentle reader, Aunt Linda was made in those days when nerves were not fashionable. Then the warm cakes, the nice yellow butter, the pitcher of quince preserves that had been brought out from its hiding-place in the little closet under the stairway, and, lastly, the apple pie! Oh, ye savans of city life, who indulge in corporation dinners and Beacon street parties, better exchange plates—take a trip down in the old country woods, and drink tea with Aunt Linda and the angels; for she often feels the presence of those unseen visitors from the Better Land, and looks forward with pleasure to the day when she, too, shall become one of their number.

Being naturally possessed with a knowledge of the medicinal properties of roots and herbs, she is constantly sought for to administer her cordials to the sick and suffering, and to speak words of hope and consolation to the departing. Many are the freed spirits she has followed down to the shore of the great Blue River, and Aunt Linda will soon go over to meet them; for the threads are fast breaking in her life-loom, but countless jewels, strung upon the golden cords of love and sympathy, will she find laid up where "moth and rust doth not corrupt," when the seal of the great Earth Book is broken.

THE MAY-DAY WALK.

Come, children, put your bonnets on,
Your bonnets made of gingham,
And get your baskets from the loft,
Mind, don't forget to bring 'um—
Among the dry, autumnal leaves,
The winds of May are playing;
So, children, put your bonnets on,
And let us go a Maying!

The snow-white caps and icy frills
Have left old Bassett's mountain;
And Spring has broke the frosty bands
Of every rill and fountain;
On every tree in Thatchwood Grove
The summer birds are singing,
And all along by Ripple Brook
The meadow grass is springing.

We'll trace the stream by David's mill
Beneath the oaks and birches,
That nod through all the summer time
To little trout and perches;
Then cross the cedar bridge below,
And take the old cart-way,
For that is edged with flowers, you know,
Through all the month of May.

I always loved this rural walk
From early childhood hours,
For here I learned to worship God
With little birds and flowers ;
And in each dell and shady grot,
From dewy morn till even,
I talked with angel visitants
And learned the way to Heaven !

Then, children, leave your books and play,
And come with me awhile ;
I'm going to throw the man away,
And be again a child ;
For I don't like the ways of men,
With all their forms and graces.
Give me the natural truth that speaks
From little children's faces !

I will not bow to Fashion's shrine,
Nor list to her applause,—
I'd rather read from Nature's books,
And study Nature's laws ;
Then let us take the gift she brings
From our good Father's hand,
Where children love and flowers bloom,
Up in the Better Land !

We'll polish 'mid the rural scenes,
That God to us has given,
And breathe the pure, untainted air
Fresh from the upper Heaven ;
And strive through all the walks of life,
Love's labor to increase,—
Such ways are " ways of pleasantness,"
And all such " paths are peace ! "

But, children, we must hasten home,
The woods are dim before us ;

The dampness of the twilight hours
Is creeping slowly o'er us.
See, now, in yonder miller's cot
The lights begin to glisten ;
Then let us go and tell our tales
Where mother's ears can listen !

DIED RICH.

Died rich, and left a fortune,
Two hundred thousand in all !
They said it in car and on steamboat,
They said it in parlor and hall ;
One hundred thousand in bank stocks,
Fifty in silver and gold ;
Fifty more in real estate—
Two hundred thousand all told !

They laid him in thibét and velvet,
With a pillow of down for his head ;
And smoothed his gray locks with ointment,
For old Dean Williams was dead.
They made him a coffin of rosewood,
And lined it with satin and fringe ;
Ornamented it with silver
Handles, tablet and hinge.

They raised the purest marble
Above his *honorable* breast ;
And said Dean Williams was quietly
Taking his final rest.
But while they were counting his treasures,
Dividing his silver and gold,
The angel was calling Dean Williams,
To give an account of his soul !

For a joy in Heaven awaiteth
The doers of good below ;
And a harvest remains to be gathered
For every seed we sow.
So the angel said to Dean Williams,
“ Come forward and render to me
An account of thy doings in earth-life,
Between thy brothers and thee ! ”

With fear and with trembling he answered,
“ I have lived to the age of three-score,
And died a rich man with a fortune
Of two hundred thousand or more.”

Then the angel said, “ Oh, mortal,
’Tis not of this I would know ;
But thy works of love and goodness,
That on earth you was wont to bestow.
Have you brought no deeds of charity,
To lighten your pathway here ?
No plea for suffering humanity,
To brighten thy spirit sphere ?

Tell of the widowed mothers
That burned the midnight oil,
Until thy ready heart and hand
Lessened the hours of toil.
Tell of the orphan children,
That smilingly passed your doors,
Made warm by the furs and woollens,
From your abundant stores.

Tell me of the poor mechanics
That blessed thy kindly hand ;
Tell me the deeds of glory
Thou hast done for thy native land.
Tell me of the errors thou hast crushed,

Of the truths thou taught to grow ;
Tell all thou hast done for thy Father God,
In His vineyard down below ! ”

With fear and with trembling he answered,
“ I have lived to the age of three-score ;
And died a rich man, with a fortune
Of two hundred thousand or more.”

The angel then took up the record,
And read it calmly and slow ;
“ I find you not among the names
That doeth good below !
You have failed to do your duty,
You have been to earth a clog,
By worshiping its senseless dross,
And not the living God !

Your heart is where your treasures are,
Your Heaven you will find
Among the souls that lived for self,
And not for human kind ! ”
The angel plumed his starry wings
And soared among the blest—
Dean Williams saw his sad mistake,
His spirit was distressed !

NOTES FROM THATCHWOOD COTTAGE.

Dear reader, did you ever feel sad because the world with its great noisy heart could not understand you, and long to give back to Mother Nature this tired body, and climb up the spiral stairway to the star-chambers above, and find some good sympathizing angel that would let you put your arms around her neck and weep away your sadness? If so, then you know how to pity me, and I shall come to you whenever my soul reaches out for that love and sympathy which is so painful if unsupplied. This is the anniversary of my birth-morn, and as I look from my window and see the green grass that has been sleeping under the snow, it leads me forward to the May-time, when all will be glad and beautiful again. Then I run down the little magnetic stairway into my heart-chamber, and think of the May-time in my childhood, when all was green and glad there, and the white daisy bloomed in all its purity; and I think: Will the grass ever look green there again; and the daisies, will they ever bloom as lily-like as they did then? Ah, yes they will, and Nature echoes the response,—“They will!” Good old Mother Nature, how I love her! She it was who introduced me to this life; she fed me with milk when a babe, and when my eyes became strong and my ears keen enough to hear her whisperings, she bade me look around, and told me that all were my brothers and sisters, and that I should love them as such. She

cradled me in her mossy blankets and spread down her green grassy carpets for me to dance upon; and when my brow was tired and feverish, and my soul was weary and sad, she bathed me with her dew-drops, and sang me into harmony again with her song-birds and stream-lets. Then why should I distrust her now? Calvin seems to tell me that I am in a state of nature, and that I can do no good thing. But nay; would that I were in a state of nature, as that state is known to me, for then I should be just what my good Father would have me be. But I am not, for I have wandered far from her teachings, and have broken many of her laws, and my object in living now is to make restitution by conforming more strictly to her commands, and to become once more the simple, true-hearted child she would have me be. Not that I would be simply a child, and nothing more; but I would have that frankness and simplicity of the child, blended with the sterner realities of manhood. Then, my dear brothers and sisters, help me along: send your petitions up on the wings of thought to our God-Father, and for your cheering words I will thank you by striving to live more truthfully, and the good angels will smile lovingly down upon you for having done to others as you would wish others to do to you.

THE YOUNG VOLUNTEER.

A plain-looking box, and it came by "Express,"
In the afternoon train going down to the East;
And a great throb of sorrow welled up in my breast,
When I read—"The remains of a soldier deceased."

And I sat me right down 'neath a tree that stood by,
To think of the hopes that lay slumbering there;
Then brushing a tear that was dimming my eye,
I gave myself up to a gloomy despair.

And I thought of the time when the country was calling
For men that were strong, with hearts that were true,
To scatter the clouds that around us were falling,
And to set the stars firmly again in the blue.

I remembered the morn when they met at the station,
When the sun streaked the sky with its braidings of
gold;

How the many hearts beat with a great palpitation,
As the angel of love touched the chords of the soul!

I saw the brave boy in the thick of the crowd,
With his blouse and his blues, with his bright studs
and bars;

I heard his strong voice, as they shouted aloud,
"Three cheers for the Union—the Stripes and the
Stars!"

The sisters were there and shook hands with their
brother—

The father looked on with a feeling of pride;
Then leaving a kiss on the cheek of his mother,
He went to the war, with a gun by his side!

My thoughts followed on in their proud, gallant march,
Through fields that were strewn with the dead and the
dying;

Through swamps that were thick with the cypress and
larch,
Where the fire-balls of death through the red light
were flying!

But he passed through them all, and his spirit grew
stronger,

Though his cheek had grown pale and his eye had
grown dim;
God had sent his *promotion*—he was “private” no
longer,

For the angel had come his *commission* to bring!

The mail, and the letters,—oh, sad was the hour—

It was not his hand-writing they knew at a glance;
They read—they tremble—they wilt like a flower—
Oh, Father, we pray Thee their spirits enhance.

He left us to serve in the battles for Truth,

He has fallen at last with the gallant and brave;
They have brought him again to the home of his youth,
And where he once played they have made him a
grave.

FRANK AND LITTLE JIM.

'Twas in the early Autumn-time, the birds had gone
away,
The leaves upon the maple boughs were turning red and
gray;
The flowers that bloomed beside the walks began to
droop and fade,
Great patches of the sunlight shone where once the
shadows played.

I sat me down by mother's door to muse upon the scene,
To think how soon the Autumn frost had changed the
summer green;
For every time a zephyr came, away the leaflets flew,
Till on the elm the robin's nest was left to public view.

A little child four years of age, with features fresh and
fair,
With sunlight dancing in his eyes and through his golden
hair,
Came running from a woodland path where oft he went
to play,
And spent his hours among the flowers on many a sum-
mer day.

"Mother, I've had the sweetest time while playing 'neath
the trees,
And once I heard a little song, and thought it was the
leaves;

And looking up to hear them sing, oh, mother! there I
see

Our little darling angel, Jim, sat looking down at me!

And oh, he had the sweetest face, and such a winning
way,

I asked him to come down awhile and help me in my
play;

And then I took the chance, you know, to ask him of his
home,

And if he ran away from God, and did he come alone!

And then he told me all about his home so bright and
fair,

Of all the little boys and girls that loved each other
there,

And how they sang the sweetest songs of purity and
love,

And wanted me to go with him and live with them
above!

And, mother, could you see his hair, all curled with
flowers so dear!

'Twas longer than it used to be, when little Jim was
here;

And then he wore a little frock, all pure and white, like
snow,

With little shoes of gold and green—oh, mother, may I
go?"

The mother took her little boy, but oh, she could not
speak—

The tears that glistened in her eyes, now trickled down
her cheek;

For well she knew an angel had revealed the truth to
him,

And soon her darling Frank would go to live with little
Jim.

That mother's home, how dark it grew—it has no sun-
light now,
For little Frank grew sick and pale, the fever burned his
brow;
So when the stars were going to sleep, and rosy light
was dawning,
He breathed his little life away one pretty Autumn
morning.

The Summer will come back and bring her flowers of
every hue,
The robin and the wren will come to build their nests
anew;
But that mother will not heed them, for her eyes are
growing dim—
She soon will go to live again with Frank and little Jim?

UNDER THE WILLOW.

How often I lay me down under the willow,
Where a little brook waltzes so merrily by;
And resting my head on my arm for a pillow,
Gaze up through the branches far into the sky.
Then I think of that beautiful land where the fountains
Of knowledge shall flow through all coming time:
Where the pure waters wander through evergreen mountains—

Where life is a treasure, a pleasure sublime!

And sometime I think where the Jordan is flowing,
Of a sweet little, dear little, heart-loving child;
She went away when the summer was going,—
Oh, how we all missed her sweet, sunny smile.
But methinks she can see through the vapory curtain,
That hides her away in the land of the soul;
And perhaps it is well, for we are not quite certain
That the heart will keep pure as the body grows old.

Now, while I am writing, I think of another—
Perhaps he is with me, the fair, gentle youth;
For he knew that I loved him as dear as a brother,
With his soul full of wisdom, and heart full of truth.
He went away when the winter was dawning,
To fight for his country, her freedom to gain;
Ah! little we thought when we bid him good morning,
That the winter so long in our hearts would remain.

We heard from the "boys," they praised him and blessed him,

And said he would ever be true to the last ;

We heard from the "boys," but, oh, how distressing !

The good little fellow slept under the grass.

But his spirit went up on the rainbow supernal,

For he saw the white flag on the top of the hall—

I have many more in that mansion eternal ;

It would take me too long should I tell of them all.

Oh, the stars never tread through the pathway of even,

And the sun never wakes up the morning so fair,

But I think of my friends, and my Father in Heaven,

And wish that I, too, in their glories might share.

Then I take up my Bible, that great spirit fountain,

And careful its pages I read one by one ;

And I study the sermon Christ preached on the mountain :

"As ye sow shall ye reap," when the harvest shall come !

Then I wish I had gone when young, or in childhood ;

When my thoughts were all pure, and my heart full of love ;

When I made little prayers out under the wildwood.

And tried to be good, like the Saviour above.

When Nature was playing her harps in the breeze,

And I listened, all ear, to her teachings so true,

When I thought that the angels lived up in the trees,

And looked up and saw the great God in the blue.

But when I grew older I listened to man,

Who said it was foolish with Nature to play ;

So I jumped on the wheel, took tickets with them,

But the prizes I drew drove the angels away.

And my heart has grown cold in the great tide of fashion,

My garments are spotted with sin-dew and blight ;

But I know that my father will look with compassion,

If I ask Him, and lead me again in the light.

I shall throw up my cards in the great worldly mart,
For my spirit is torn with temptation and woes ;
I must play in a game where the prize is a chart
That will lead me at last to a holy repose.
For I feel there is one, I can no longer doubt it,
(Though I know the big people around me will smile ;)
But I shall go back to God—talk with him about it,
And ask him to keep me a true-hearted child.

WHAT THE ANGEL TOLD ME.

I was thinking one morning as I looked at the sky,
And beheld a bright rainbow let down from on high,
That perhaps some freed spirits were going above,
And this was the path to their mansions of love.
So I laid down my book by a tree that stood by,
For I felt that the spirit of worship was nigh;
And sat very quiet on a green mossy sod,
Till I saw in vision an angel of God!

Oh, bright was the hue of his radiant wing,
And sweet was the song that the angel did sing;
While a sweeter expression than mortal can wear,
Shone out from his face through his soft, golden hair.
And a halo of light round his pathway was flung,
Such as lights up the earth when the morning is young,
As down from the sky did he gently descend,
And stood by my side like some dearly loved friend.

His voice was so musical, cheerful and kind,
That moment I would on his breast have reclined,
As gently he placed his white hand on my brow,
And said, My young friend, will you go with me now?
I then gave him my hand as he pointed above,
For I felt he had come on a mission of love;
Then quickly rose like the floweret's perfume,
And floated away like a zephyr in June.

I know not the course that he bore me along,
Till we stood unobserved in the midst of a throng;
Where the gay and the thoughtless were painting their
doom,

By wasting their time in vain fashion's saloon;
Then onward we passed, other scenes to behold—
Through halls where millionaires counted their gold;
Though thousands by thousands lay by on the shelf,
But yet they toiled onward, still gleaning for self.

He then led me on from the palace of mirth,
To the homes of the poor, and the lonely of earth;
Through the prisons so dark, where humanity moan
Oftimes for the sins that were never their own.
He then spake to me thus: "Live, thy Master to please;
Let thy life upon earth be a blessing to these;
For the world has not learned that all should be brothers,
And few can be found that are living for others."

Again, and we stood in the chamber of death,
With naught to disturb, save the quivering breath
Of a lovely young maiden, so fair to behold,
For virtue and truth were the gems of her soul;
And she feared not the dash of the boatman's oar—
She had fought the good fight, and her battles were o'er;
And her face lighted up full of sweetness and love,
As she spoke of her beautiful mansion above—
As she sang of its glories; then ending in prayer—
Oh, I shall always believe that the angels were there!

He then clasped my hand—led me back to the spot,
To my book by the tree, I so quick had forgot;
Then smilingly said, ere he floated above:
"Thy mission on earth is a mission of love.
Then list to the cry when thy brother shall call,
Let thy mantle of love on the erring one fall;
Seek out the degraded, put a star in his breast—
Lead the sick and the sad to the fountain of rest.

No longer stand doubting; take thy standard of truth,
And go forth to thy work in the morn of thy youth;
Put on the whole armor, go forth in the strife,
And our Father will smile on the book of thy life!"
The time is long passed, but the angel I see,
And the lesson he taught is the present to me;
Round the chords of my soul they have tremblingly clung,
And the echo it gives is the song I have sung.

OLD PICTURES FRAMED.

How often I think of the days long departed,
When I lived at the homestead with grandfather Gray ;
And spent all the days of my youth fairy-hearted,
With scarcely a shadow to darken the way.

That old-fashioned mansion, how plainly I see it,
With its kitchen and "tea-room," and the buttery
between,
Where often at twilight, when they all went a milking,
I stole in so slyly, *just* to taste of the *cream* !

There's the old red partition, at the end of the passage,
And the beams overhead,—those large oaken logs ;
Where grandmother hung up her bacon and sausage
To keep them away from the cats and the dogs.

Then there was the garret,—how gloomy and drear,
Where I with the kittens went a hunting so nice,
Among the old rubbish, both ancient and queer,
I for antiquities, they for the mice.

And oft thro' the long summer days have I sported,
And picked the ripe berries that grew in the wood,
For my old maiden aunt, whom nobody courted
For the very good reason that nobody could !

And I've not forgot the night Ansel came courting,
 And Jane, who was always on hand for a spree,
 Said if I'd tend the bacon and keep it a smoking,
 She would tell in the morning the secret to me !

Long hours did I sit on the "dye-tub" and wonder
 What Ansel and Jane so long were about ;
 Till the corn-cobs were black as a cloud full of thunder,
 Did I solve for the secret, but could not find out.

But then I soon learned by patiently waiting,
 That things took a turn from their doings that night ;
 For Ansel no more came to grandma's a courting,
 And Jane went to muster with young farmer Wright !

But no more shall I carry to grandpa his "nipper,"
 For long years ago he slept under the grass ;
 Nor go down to the hay fields, with tin pail and dipper,
 For cider and "switchel" belong to the past.

And grandmother, too, she could no longer tarry,
 For her life was worn out in the mission of love ;
 Followed on with as much as her spirit could carry,
 To meet him again in the mansions above.

CHILDHOOD HOURS.

Oh, give me back my childhood hours,
When I was young, and free
To roam among the woodland bowers,
By mountain side and lea !
To chase beneath the noonday sun
The golden butterfly ;
And sail my boat upon the tide,
Beneath the sunset sky.

Oh, give me back my mountain hours,
When not a care I knew ;
With heart as gay as summer flowers,
And light as evening dew !
To trace along the hidden path,
That winds by rock and stream ;
And pluck the daisy from its bed,
Among the mossy green !

Oh, give me back my childhood hours,
My schoolmates young and gay ;
To roam again in quest of flowers,
The pleasant fields of May !
And then at noon to sit and chat,
Beneath the greenwood tree ;
And eat our bread and butter there,
And call it " taking tea ! "

Oh give me back my childhood hours,
The dearest to my heart ;
When I could sit in Nature's bowers
And see the day depart.
When I could view the Queen of Night
In lovely beauty dressed,
Casting her silver rays of light,
To make the earth look blest !

Oh, give me back my childhood hours,
Where memory loves to dwell—
Too dear they are to be forgot,
I ever loved them well ;
But childhood hours, and halcyon scenes,
Will ne'er return again ;
And I must leave my boyhood dreams,
And live like other men !

LETTER NUMBER FOUR.

May 27th.—May! who ever thought of writing thy sweet name without first twining around it a wreath of violets and buttercups? How the universal heart of man blesses her—bright harbinger of an immortal dawn—coming forth from the icy caverns of winter to preach resurrection to the children of earth, and sending out her mandates to unlock the beautiful halls of Nature, that shall transform the old earth again into an Eden, and make the world a Paradise!

How inspiring are thy influences, thou ever glorious May month! The icy chains that locked the little stream to the stone buttments of the old bridge have yielded to her gentle power, and go singing down the hill-sides; the south winds touch the tuneful strings to their aerial harps, giving forth their responsive echoes, while beauty and utility join hands and dance together down the garden walks. All Nature seems jubilant over the new awakening, and ready to reveal all things, if man will only learn her language. The little bed of violets, growing under the fence-rails, would teach us more truth than whole pages of periodical reading, if we would listen to her instructions, and give them an earnest thought. But their simple truths will never be lost to society; man will breathe them in, and through

the secret channels of inspiration, the little field flower shall be a messenger between earth and heaven—a spirit-link between God and man !

I am continually reminded of the impartiality of God all through the joyous, budding spring-time ; because in his great distribution of gifts and blessings, he don't forget the little shrubs and vines by the way-side, and the old crooked apple-tree out in the cow-pasture, but fills its mossy arms as bountifully with leaves and flowers as he does the rich man's ten-acre lot of oaks and maples. And so it is in the higher manifestations of life. The rich lady that idles away her precious time in reclining on downy cushions of embroidered satin, admiring the pretty patterns of her new tapestry, is no more a special favorite of God than the old apple-woman that sits under the elms on Boston Common, and sells her cakes and candy to the dirty little orphan boys. The rich lady is surrounded by luxury and ease, and her mind is absorbed with the latest fashions, preferring a life of senseless frivolity to that of a more industrious, worthy and noble type. The old apple-woman—we know there are angel visitants in the leafy branches above her head, and who can tell what great truth she may be solving as she sits by her little work-bench, watching the waving grass at her feet, through the long summer days ? Reader, beside the neatly swept garden walks the poisonous nettle hides itself, and shoots out its barbed arrows at the passers-by ; while from the homely mud-pond the delicate lily braids her snowy petals, and opes her jewel-cup of celestial odors. In the darkness of midnight the cunning spider weaves his net of silvery spray among the rose branches, to catch the unwary flies that come out to swim in the fragrant morning air. If we blow our soap-bubbles in the shadows, they are void of beauty ; but if we blow them in the sunshine, they wear the hues of the rainbow ; but

we should remember, though they are pretty things to look at, they are bubbles still.

You will forgive my vagaries, LUTHER, and not misunderstand me. It is simply my way of saying that the Saviours of the nineteenth century may be walking your streets in tattered garments, while the devil sits on velvet cushions in your fashionable churches, playing at nine-pins with rich people's souls!

THE WAYWARD LEAF.

It was a wee little bit of a leaf that stirred
Close by, as I sat on a mossy old stone ;
And the song that it sang was the noise I heard
As it flew from its wild-wood home.

'Twas a brown little leaf with a golden crest,
Of the hardy white-oak stock ;
And the untamed spirit in its youthful breast,
Looked with scorn on its lonely lot.

And he said " there can be no joys for me,
'Mid such gray old forest trees ; "
So he snapped the tie from the parent tree,
And went off on a passing breeze.

Then the old tree wept in violent grief,
As it felt great throbs of pain ;
For never, it knew, would the wayward leaf
Return to its home again.

But the leaf went on in its wayward flight,
For it thought that no one was so wise as he ;
And to dance and sing was his delight,
With the scarlet brier and the dog-wood tree.

But, alas ! they proved a poisonous snare,
And the silly leaf with the golden edge,
No longer smiled in the sunny air,
But ended its life by the way-side hedge.

I then thought how many a wayward child,
Has left the shade of a quiet home ;
Like the little leaf in the forest wild,
'Mid the gayer scenes of life to roam.

How many a youth has been led astray,
By the tempting juice of the purple hedge ;
How many a parent weeps to-day
O'er the blighted hopes of a "golden edge."

One word, oh youth ! do not despise
The sage advice so often given ;
That tells you where the danger lies,
And points the path to peace and Heaven.

TO I KNOW WHOM—BUT YOU DON'T.

When the earth is arrayed in her mantle of Spring,
And the hum of the insect makes the pine forest ring;
When the soul in the fountain again has been stirred,
And the notes of the robin's glad music is heard,
As he sits through the day on his evergreen throne,
And sings to his mate in their rock-a-bye home;
When the zephyrs are tuning their harps in the tree,
And the mosses look green—will you then think of me?

When the Summer is here, and the warmth of her wing
Makes the rushes grow tall by the side of the spring;
When the farmer is out at the dawning of day,
And you smell the sweet fragrance of new-mown hay;
When Nature is out in a frolicsome mood,
And you roam the green valleys and cool, shady wood,
When the yellow wasp goes on a hunt with the bee,
And the berries are blue—will you then think of me?

When the Autumn time comes with her stores of ripe
grains,
And drives from the fields with her deep-laden trains;
When the harvest-moon throws her soft light o'er the
lawn,
And you pull the dry husk from the bright yellow corn;

When the insect shall weave him a silken-warp casket,
And the acorn looks brown in its coral-wood basket;
When the ivy that twines round the mossy old tree
Turns red in the Autumn—will you then think of me?

In some far distant day, when the morning is bright,
When my spirit is dwelling in realms of delight,
Where groves of rich fragrance stand ever arrayed,
And its flowers are so brilliant they never can fade;
Should you walk with some friend in some evergreen
 bower,
Where the pine-needles fall, and sweet nods the flower,
And should see a green grave 'neath the wide-spreading
 tree,
Where the holly bush shines—will you then think of me?

THREE SCORE YEARS AND TEN.

An old man walked at close of day,
Across the village lawn,
He watched the breezes dance and play
With the leaves of the growing corn,
And he thought of the time when he danced as they,
When he was young and strong.

He thought of the time—how short it seemed—
When he was a laughing child,
And played with his mates on the village green,
And their shouts rang loud and wild,
And he wondered why it pleased him so
To dream of the fairy isle !

The children shouted down the lane,
For the children's hearts were glad ;
The old man leaned upon his cane,
For the old man's heart was sad ;
I wondered why he turned to weep,
For many friends he had !

Again I walked the village street,
The ground was coated o'er ;
The children coasted down the hill
As merry as before ;
But the old man's hat was on the peg,
His cane behind the door.

My thoughts ran through that old man's life
Of sunny visions fled,
As through the church-yard gate they passed
With slow and solemn tread,
And laid the old man down to rest
Among the aged dead.

A PEEP THROUGH THE WINDOW.

Just one moment from the street,
Let me step one side and peep
 'Neath the curtain,
And I'll tell you what they're about,
If you will not bring me out,—
 Tell you certain !

On the hearth-stone by the fire,
In a good old-fashion chair,
 Painted red,
Lits my uncle, leaning 'sorter
On his little black-eyed daughter's
 Curly head.

Close beside them, in the rear,
Sits Aunt Hannah, with a tear
 In her eye ;
If it will not break the spell,
Would you like to have me tell
 The reason why ?

She is thinking of her son,
With his soldier's belt and gun,
 Far away ;
And she offers up a prayer,
That God will protect him there
 In the fray !

In the corner, like a column,
Stands the old clock, grim and solemn,
 Keeping time,
As it did in days of yore,
When it entered through the door
 In its prime.

I remember how I cried
When my Uncle Henry died
 In this room ;
And shall ne'er forget the day
When they carried him away
 To the tomb.

Often by this very door,
Half a score of years or more,
 In the shade,—
Where the vine is taught to bend
All around the gable end,
 Have I played.

But now, alas ! I'm older grown,
And a shadow has been thrown
 All around ;
Some of those I loved to meet,
By the village church now sleep,
 In the ground !

GOOD-BYE, OLD WORLD, I'M GOING HOME.*

AIR—I have a Father in the Promised Land.

I feel that the old world is fading from my view ;
 Good-bye, old world, a happy adieu !
 In losing sight of thee I'm gazing on the new—
 My home in the bright land above.

Then come, come with me to the bright happy land ;
 Give the Father your heart, and the Saviour your hand ;
 We shall all meet again, a joyous band,
 And praise Him in the bright home above.

One little struggle, and my earth-life is o'er.
 I see the angels smiling and I hear the muffled oar.
 Good-bye, brothers, I'm nearing the shore,
 To my home in the bright happy land.

Make me a grave where the breezes shall play ;
 Shed not a tear o'er my cold form of clay ;
 But sing me a song when you lay it away—
 I shall hear it in the bright home above.

NOTE.—Cousin Benja sends us the following lines, written at a time when he could almost hear the splash of the boatman's oar that is, sooner or later, to ferry him "over the river." We should be very sorry to have our "Benja" go in that direction just at present ; but we are glad to see him so cheerfully awaiting the change. We trust there are many long days, and happy ones, for him on earth yet, and that he will bestow many sweet songs upon the pilgrims here to cheer them on their homeward way.—*Editor of the Banner of Light.*

I shall wait for your coming on the beautiful shore ;
I shall be first to meet you when your earth-life is o'er ;
We shall meet again to part no more,
But dwell in the bright home above.

LETTER NUMBER FIVE.

August 9th.—Guess where I am, LUTHER! “In some little seven-by-nine room in the great noisome city, walled in with brick and mortar, surrounded by manuscripts and printers’ ink?” No; but out here in a little rustic summer-house, eating berries and cream! It is really delicious. And then the morning is beautiful! Oh, I do think if old Mother Nature ever gets tired of turning her great wheel, and stops to take breath, she will certainly spend her vacation in the country.

How I wish you were with me this moment, that you might drink in the grandeur of the scenery; and if your memory was a daguerreotype machine, you could place this little picture in the halls of it, where you could look at it when your soul needs the refreshment of rural life; for Nature and I are old friends, and I should endeavor to show you some of her choicest pictures, in a light let in only from above.

I am seated here in a rustic arm-chair, with a little table before me made of the same rough material, over which is suspended a vase of periwinkle and other pendant plants. The old brown posts and lattice-work are thickly covered with clematis and honeysuckle, while the little bright-eyed verbenas and larkspurs play bo-peep through the openings, doing all they can to make the naughty old world happy again. But, wait! there goes a butterfly—and, LUTHER, do you please whisper in

“IRENE’S” ear, that he is all alone; and—yes, he has lit on a bachelor’s button! Ah, me! there will be no cupids coming this way now. *Query*: perhaps they cannot get over the “*hedgerow*.”

To me there is something beautiful in the idea of those wild vines, twining themselves so lovingly around the rustic posts. Oh, that man would learn a lesson of wisdom from Nature, and let the tender vines of simplicity and affection twine around their hearts, and shield them from the scorching sun-rays of avarice, which is withering up the fruit buds of innocents that are waiting to grow and expand on the tree Immortal. But they will not; they have outgrown their text-book of childhood, and forgotten many of its beautiful lessons; they can now see nothing to love and admire in the grand old forest trees, but their measurement in timber and wood; no beauty in the crystal waterfall, but its power of labor; and we often hear them inquiring, “What is the use to expend so much time and money for something to look at?” As though the only indispensable things in this life were corn, beans and potatoes, tobacco and cotton cloth. Poor mortals! I pity them, for they know not that “a thing of beauty is a joy forever;” but when the great dictionary of life is printed, and they have the proof-sheets to correct, methinks they will wish they had remembered more of the lessons they studied in the little floral text-book of childhood.

August 10th.—“Is that a candle-mold?” said my good neighbor, Deacon Joel, as he came into my room one morning, and taking up a little unique vase supported by the figure of Venus, in which I was arranging some flowers. “Look o’ here, why can’t you lend it to my wife some day when she wants to run a few?” No, indeed, said I, that is not a candle-mold, neither can your wife have it to run them in. That is an emblem of the goddess of Grace, the author of elegance and beauty;

and you will please put it down immediately ; for I could not see it so desecrated as to remain in the hands of one who had so little love for the beautiful in his soul, even for a moment. Then taking up a little microscope, I asked him to look through it at the pretty flowers I was arranging ; to examine the finely cut ferns with their delicate palms ; to notice the beautiful circulation, so closely allied to that of man, moving through veins and arteries and leafy lungs. I then told him that the flowers were but the expansion of the elements that compose the leaf and bud, and that the little figure holding the sheaf, which he had called a candle-mold, was significant of a better state of society — of the “good time coming,” when muskets would no longer be fired from doors and windows at the passer-by, and bombshells be bursting in little children’s bed-chambers ; when men would carry roses in their button-holes, instead of pistols in their pockets, and governments would build reformatory institutions and green-houses, instead of gunboats and arsenals. But I failed to make him see those beautiful truths, or to understand my meaning. Had they been hammered out on some theological anvil, he would probably have grasped them at once ; but when I told him that the highest truths my soul had ever received during my earth pilgrimage, had been taught me by the harmonious unfoldings of Nature, and that I had come to the conclusion that it was always safe to take lessons from the beautiful and good, he braeced himself up in a stiff, Orthodox attitude, and said, “You had better throw away your weeds and plaster image, and not waste so much time over nonsense ; but learn to love God, and try to get religion in your heart.” I thought, as I had often done before, how those strange people do mystify me ; but I tried to be pitiful, as I thought I should some day want God to be to me. Then stepping on his toes as I turned around, to see if he really had a

soul or not, I bade him good morning, hoping that when he was laid away in his mahogany box under the marble, that some good friend would carve on his tombstone a skull and cross-bones, as an emblem of his love for the beautiful.

THE FROCK AND SHOES.

A little frock but slightly worn,
Of blue and white delaine,
With edging round the neck and sleeves,
Lay folded neat and plain,
Beside a little pair of shoes,
With here and there a flaw,
Lay half concealed among the things
In mother's bureau drawer.

Summer had passed away from earth
With all her sweetest ties;
The birds had left their Summer haunts
For more congenial skies;
The twilight breezes sweetly played
Among the dews of even—
An angel left his home on high
To gather flowers for heaven!

The angel near and nearer came
Where sister sick did lie;
Then gently fanned her faded cheek,
And pointed to the sky.
The morning shone upon the bed,
The Autumn winds blew free,
The angel moved his silvery wings,
And whispered, "Come with me!"

We gathered round her dying bed
With hearts to weep and pray ;
And many were the tears we shed
When sister passed away.
“ No idle tears had she to weep,”
No sins to be forgiven,
But closed her eyes and went to sleep
Right in the face of heaven !

We laid her in the earth's green breast,
Down by the village green,
Where gently waves the dewy grass,
And Summer flowers are seen ;
And often when our mother goes
To get her things to use,
I see her drop a silent tear
On sister's frock and shoes.

SNOW.

Beautiful snow !—born above,
Sent to earth on a mission of love ;
Seeming spirits crowned with light,
Dressed in robes of purest white,
Coming down on the wings of the storms—
Filling the air with their starry forms,
Where'er its winding pathway leads,
Scattering love and gentle deeds—
Beautiful snow, beautiful snow !
Angels dress like the beautiful snow !

Beautiful snow, beautiful snow !
Filling the air and the earth below ;
Hiding the path through wood and glen—
Falling down on the heads of men ;
Clasping hands with the birch and larch,
Over the road like a coral arch !
Whirling, twirling over the ridge,
Spanning the stream with a fairy bridge ;
Piling its treasures under the walls,
Throwing a drapery over the falls ;
Kissing the eddies down below—
Oh, I wish I was pure, like the beautiful snow !

Coming to earth—silent as death—
Light and soft as an angel's breath !
Leaving its finger-prints on the latch,

Covering the roof with a velvety thatch ;
Gently tapping the window panes,
Reeling the fence with its long white skeins ;
Curb and wood-pile, sled and cart,
Have vanished all by its magic art ;
Playing hide in a game below,
Under the hills of the beautiful snow !

Beautiful snow, by God refined—
A great white thought from the fount Divine !
Saying to every child of sin,
Open your hearts and take me in !
Sallying, dallying, floating around
Through every street in the busy town ;
Covering the graves of the loved and lost,
Hanging a wreath on the arms of the cross ;
Emblems of purity, guarding below .
The sleepers under the beautiful snow !

Once I was pure, like the beautiful snow ;
Once the lilies would bud and blow,
Filling my soul with a fragrance sweet,
Bowing my heart at my Saviour's feet ;
Trusting I went to my Father in prayer,
Wanting a comforter—finding it there.
Now I am living in sorrow and strife,
Feeding my soul on the follies of life—
Faithless and cheerless, I wander alone,
Trusting to earth for a heavenly home !
Oh, that the lilies would bud and blow ;
That I was as pure as the beautiful snow !

TO MY FRIEND J. P.

Come sit with me, my gentle friend,
Where grows the daisied sod;
Where love and truth together blend
Among the works of God!
'Tis here the mock-thrush chants her lay
From dewy morn till even,
As if she drew her music from
The golden harps in heaven!

Come sit with me, where music floats,
Beneath the greenwood trees,
And listen to the merry notes
Borne onward by the breeze;
Sweet little messengers of love,
They wear no gloomy shrouds,
But strive to lead our thoughts above,
Like angels in the clouds.

Come sit with me beneath the shade,
Where flowerets, pure and meek,
Start from their green and mossy bed
The morning light to greet;
And when comes down the sable night,
They close their sparkling eyes,
As if to woo the gems of light
That twinkle in the skies.

They bloom in every sunny spot,
And where the shadows tread ;
They dot, like stars, the sacred turf
“ Above the sleeping dead ! ”
They throw a sunbeam o'er our way,
And bid us bloom and shine,
And seek true wisdom while we may
In Summer's golden prime.

THE SOLDIER-BOY OF GETTYSBURG.

The cannon's mouth had ceased to hurl
Its deadly missiles through the air;
From fiery lips no longer curled
The smoky clouds of dark despair;
And not a sound the silence broke,
Save now and then a moan was heard
Beneath some hedge or shattered oak,
Upon the fields of Gettysburg.

A soldier-boy — an only son —
With matted locks and faltering breath,
Lay resting on his sword and gun,
Fast sinking in the arms of death.
He raised his hand and brushed a tear:
“Take home,” said he, “one little word—
For one I love now waits to hear
The latest news from Gettysburg.

’Tis of my mother I would speak,
For great I know her grief will be;
And tears will wet her faded cheek,
When she shall hear again from me.
For I am all she has to love—
My father’s voice no more is heard;
From Antietam he went above,
And I shall go from Gettysburg.

Take home to her my sword and gun—
Mementos of my early call—
And hang them where the setting sun
Shines red upon the cottage wall.
'Tis all I have I can bequeath—
I've served them well by deed and word,
Ere I was called to sleep beneath
The blood-stained soil of Gettysburg.

Tell her I've tried to do the right,
And be to all a friend and brother;
That in the thickest of the fight
I often thought of home and mother."
The sun had kissed the mountain-tips—
One struggle more his bosom stirred,
And with her name upon his lips,
He fell asleep at Gettysburg.

They gathered round the youthful brave,
The drum-beat echoed through the dell—
They laid him in his new-made grave,
Beneath the tree by which he fell;
And on its bark, in letters deep,
They cut his name with his own sword,
And left him in his dreamless sleep—
The soldier-boy of Gettysburg.

HONEST AND MERRY.

'Tis well to have a ten-pound note
At interest on demand ;
'Tis well to own some stock in trade
If honestly you can.
'Tis well to count one's friends among
The mighty and the small,
But a merry, loving, honest heart,
Is better than them all !

'Tis well to have a mansion made
Of granite, brick or wood ;
'Tis well to have one's table spread
With dainties from abroad ;
But should the needy chance to call,
Oh, bid them long remain,
For a merry, loving, honest heart,
Should never know a stain.

The rich man has his bags of gold,
And acres without number ;
But I would not give my merry heart
For all his wealth and plunder ;
For when Death robs him of his wealth,
Oh, how he'll shake and shiver,
While I shall take my merry heart
With me across the river !

FREDDY WALLACE.

His little soul, so tired of earth,
He could no longer stay ;
Loved voices from the spirit land
Were calling him away.
Then leaning on an angel breast,
He closed his sparkling eyes,
Crossed o'er the stream, and went to dwell
With seraphs in the skies.

Oh, could you see the spirit bands
Of loved ones gone before,
Extending out their waiting hands
To welcome him on shore—
You would not, could not wish him back,
Your tears would cease to flow,
As through the meadows soft and green,
Clasped hand in hand they go.

LINES,

Upon the death of ANNIE LEWIS, daughter of WARREN N. and
ROXANNA EVERSON, of Kingston.

She has gone up to God, in life's early morning,
Ere sin cast a shadow to darken the way ;
When her visions of hope in the future were dawning,
And health bloomed on her cheek like the blossoms of
May.

How sweetly she looked in her own cottage dress,
As we laid her away near the " Evergreen " bowers,
Like a rustic young maiden that had laid down to rest
At the close of the day, after gleaning for flowers !

She is now in that home where no sin nor temptation
Can lead her young feet from the path they should
tread ;
While her soul shall expand by the law of progression,
And forever by ministering angels be led.

How consoling the thought ! (Though it be not our
choice
That she should go thus in the morn of her youth ;)
She is now where the angels forever rejoice,
In the sunlight of harmony, purity, truth.

And will she forget her dear father and mother,
In that land where the flowers of affection shall grow !
And have no more love for that dear little brother,
As they mourn for her presence while waiting below ?

No ; but often methinks in the future before us,
While singing the songs that she sang with you here ;
She will come down from Heaven and join in the chorus,
And lead you through faith to her home in the sphere !

She has gone up to God in life's early morning,
Ere sin cast a shadow to darken the way ;
And oh, may you feel in the midst of your sorrow,
It is the prettiest time you could lay her away.

CINNAMON ROSES.

Many miles away, in a sunny glade,
Far off from the sounding sea,
There lived a little orphan maid,
To love and be loved by me.
The mountains with their giant arms
That little cot encloses,
Where all around its rustic porch,
She twines the Cinnamon Roses.

I mind me of the time ago,
When by the mossy mill,
We laid our plans, which then we thought
In future to fulfill.
It was there that last we parted,
(But we did not know it then,)
And kissed each other through our tears,
Like roses in the rain.

They told me death was gathering flowers
To deck the Heavenly shrine,
But I never thought he would be so rude
As to fall in love with mine;
That when old Winter's silvery locks
In Spring's soft arms reposes,
She would twine no more for my young brow,
In wreaths the Cinnamon Roses.

Long years I've wandered all alone,
Through forest dark and dim,
And my light, joyous songs, have now
Become a plaintive hymn ;
For a breeze came out of the sky one day,
To play among the posies,
And blew the soul of my darling away
With the leaves of the Cinnamon Roses !

And then they would not let me have
My loved one any more,
But buried her beneath the trees,
Upon the river's shore.
No marble marks the quiet spot
Where her loved form reposes,
But by her side the flowers bloom—
We call them Cinnamon Roses.

The tears are running down my cheek,
Just like the summer rain ;
I never knew such grief before,—
I never can again.
And all I ask of this great world,
Is, when my journey closes,
For them to lay me by her side,
Beneath the Cinnamon Roses.

LETTER NUMBER SIX.

January 10th.—"And do you really want me to go home with you and spend the night?"

"Yes, William, I certainly do," said I.

The speaker was none other than Bill Rivers, the notorious rowdy, so called. We had met him at the little Methodist prayer meeting, and knowing him to be poor and friendless, but possessing a kind, generous heart, I invited him home with me, that I might once touch the harp-strings of his soul, that had always discoursed to me such sweet music whenever I had a chance to nestle him in my affections; so taking him by the arm, we chatted merrily homeward.

"And now, Benja, sit down and tell me what you have all these ornaments and pictures here in your chamber for? I thought these kind of things belonged to the parlor."

"So they do," I replied, "when they are kept for exhibition; but I keep them because they help me to be good; being elements of truth and purity, they guard me against evil thoughts, and help to strengthen my good resolutions. The little figure in the attitude of prayer reminds me of the young child Samuel, putting his trust in the Infinite Father, and receiving the blessing. The cross by the little window speaks to me of one who gave up His life as a sacrifice for truth and goodness; while the sweet face peeping out so lovingly from the

wreath of dried grasses, brings to mind a gentle spirit-friend that is waiting for me in the home up yonder."

"This," said I, "is my sanctuary; here is where I come to look over my little life-bundle that I have carried through the day; and, if I have done wrong, these silent preachers announce the fact; but being representatives of Love and Charity, they condemn me not, but help me to make out a better programme for the morrow."

I saw the tears glistening in his eyes, and looking up, he replied:

"You ought to be very good, Benja, for you have everything to make you so, and can walk in the sunlight of respectability; while I have everything to make me wicked and reckless, consequently I am an outcast and a rowdy!"

I felt the truth of his remark, and putting my arm around his neck, I said:

"In the sight of God and the angels there is not so much difference, perhaps, as men think; for goodness is measured by temptations resisted. I have ever been surrounded by the atmosphere of love, with friends ever ready to prop my weakness; therefore I have made but few sacrifices, through which cometh Heaven's richest rewards; while your surroundings have caused you to drink from the cup of vice and degradation, and you have fallen. But the divine spark is not all extinguished; there is enough left to make you a good man, and a respectable citizen. The echo in your own soul tells you this. Then make one more resolve to live aright and in harmony with Nature; and though men pass you by on the other side, the angel of Hope, that ever stands near thee, will touch the strings of her golden harp, and its music shall warm up thy soul into newer life and higher beauty; and that which has caused you so much misery and sorrow, may yet become a ladder of wisdom, whereon thy spirit shall ascend heavenward!"

“I know it,” he replied, “and have often wished that I could do better; but I have no friends except those of my kind—society is against me, and respectable people don’t like to be seen in my company. Oh, if I only had some one to love and care for me!”

Poor brother! how I wanted to warm him in my heart, as we wept there together over the miseries that weighed so heavily upon us.

Since that memorable day I have gone down step by step into the heart of my neighbor, Deacon Joel; and the further I reach down, the more of the naughty spirit I find; while the further I reach down into the heart of Bill Rivers, the rowdy, the more I find that is commendable!

Alas, for the wrong that society is doing to human hearts! With her unjust laws and false customs—with her perverted religion and cold charity—she brands the poor unfortunate sinner with the name criminal, and shuts him up in her penitentiaries; while to the fashionable libertine and wine-bibber, that dresses in broadcloth and fine linen, she pays a thousand pounds yearly to sit in her council chambers and halls of legislation.

Oh, ye wicked extortioners, who crush your fallen brothers with your iron hand! remember the end is not yet; for there is a little angel of Beauty dwelling down deep in the soul-chambers of those poor unfortunate ones; and when the kingdom of God shall come on earth, as it is in Heaven, their mission may be to clear away the poisonous weeds from your heart-gardens, to warm up the cold, clayey soil with the dewdrops of affection, and plant morning glory seeds!

THE "GIPSEY GIRL'S" RESOLVE.

I will live an old maid, if I cannot find
A man in the universe near to my mind ;
For 'tis wiser by far to be single and free,
Than united, when the heart has no sympathy.

So my love in the depths of my heart I will hide,
Till I learn if on earth my mate doth abide ;
If he knows I am searching the world o'er and o'er,
He will make his appearance—of that I am sure !

His hair should be wavy, and dark in its hue,
With eyes—I should place the black before blue,
With intellect's fire burning lustrous and bright,
In love's adoration, but soft in their light.

A generous heart, true, loving and warm,
And a noble soul added to a manly form ;
Ambition and industry—all these combined,
Makes a very good man—one that suits well my mind.

I shall be an old maid, I'm really in fear,
If, sometime or other, he does not appear ;
If he's travelling in France, that famed land of song,
He had better be quick. and come right along.

Perhaps he is delving for hard, shining ore,
Far away on the dark Sacramento's wild shore ;
But I'll not pine in sadness, where'er he may be,
For I know he is certainly looking for me !

In the course of long time, I MAY meet my love,
And tell him how constant and true I will prove ;
Then together we'll journey the down-hill of life,
He, a husband so kind : I, a dutiful wife.

TO THE "GIPSEY GIRL."

What! live an old maid all the days of your life,
When your dear "Cousin Benja" 's in search of a wife,
And hide all your love in the depths of your heart,
When so many stand waiting to share it in part?

Ah, this is not right; now just listen to me,
For there's many good fishes still swimming the sea;
And there's many a heart, that's both loving and good,
That a "Gipsey" could find, if she'd search in the wood!

I have one in my keeping—one that never betrayed—
That I'd like to present to some nice little maid,
If I only could find one, congenial and true—
Who knows, little Gipsey, but 'twould answer for you?

Perhaps a description you'd like of its "case,"
To know if its "fastenings" will ever deface,
Ere you talk of proposals or offer your hand,
So I'll give a description, as near as I can.

My hair is both wavy and dark in its hue;
My eyes are not black, but are shaded with blue;
The question on intellect I'll lay on the shelf,
In hopes that sometime you'll decide for yourself!

My taste for refinements is very acute—
I never like those that belong to the brute ;
Think we'd better true lessons in wisdom pursue,
And with snuff and tobacco have nothing to do.

The beauties of nature I prefer before art,
While the day-book and ledger ne'er entered my heart ;
But often have pictured the comfort I'd take
With a wife in a cottage near the side of a lake.

Had I known you'd been seeking the world o'er and o'er
In search of a mate, I'd have written before ;
But enough has been said as a hint, I should guess,
That SOMEBODY'S waiting for another's address !

THE FIRST DEATH OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

TO SISTER JULIA.

There never came a brighter morn,
From o'er the distant sea ;
The birds ne'er sang a sweeter song,
From off the old elm tree,
Than when the angels left their bowers,
To hail a spirit birth,
And twine a spiral wreath of flowers
From Heaven down to earth.

We watched with sister through the night,
Her breathings faint and low ;
For when the stars had veiled their light,
We knew that she must go.
Oh ! how our hearts did bow with grief,
When came that long-drawn sigh—
I'm weeping now to think of it,
That sad and last “ good bye ! ”

How quiet was the household then,
How silent every tread ;
How kind and gentle were our hearts,
When sister dear was dead !
And if ere we spoke an angry word,
That caused a bitter tear,
We did not care to do so then,
The angels were so near.

Nor did we like to see the sun
Across the carpet play;
Or basking in the sparkling light
Of colors bright and gay;
And so we put the curtains down,
To hide the rosy hours;
For who could love the sunlight then,
With hearts so sad as ours?

And oft I'd go to mother's room,
When no one else was nigh;
To look once more on that pale face,
Then turn away and cry.
But now, down by the greenwood dell,
The little stars at even
Can guard the form we loved so well—
But sister's gone to Heaven!

I wonder when I go to sleep,
To wake on earth no more,
If sister will not be the first
To welcome me on shore?
Oh, yes, methinks I see her now,
That little cherub one;
She's waiting on the spirit shore,
And beck'ning me to come!

OBITUARY.

Died in Kingston, March 20th, 1861, of consumption, GEORGE E. LUCAS;
aged 34 years, 11 months.

The sun shone bright in the morning sky,
They had gathered around to see him die;
The earth was dressed in a snowy wreath,
When the angel came to his soul's relief,
And gently knocked at the outer door,
And summoned him home to the golden shore!

There was grief on earth, there were weeping eyes,
But a song rang out from the upper skies;
As he met the loved of his early years;
As she bathed him afresh with her heavenly tears,
And led him away—that youthful wife,
To rest on the shore of eternal life!

I know it was sad to be called to part,
And we turn away with a broken heart,
When the boatman's sail appears in view,
And we hear the dash of his white canoe,
As he comes to take some loved one home;
Ah! 'tis hard to say, "Thy will be done!"

But 'tis sweet to know that they love to wait,
On the other side of the pearly gate;
That oft from their heavenly homes above,
They breath some tender words of love,
To cheer us on through the misty tide,
Till we meet them again on the other side.

TO THE TREES.

Tell me, ye waving trees of green,
That in the breezes blow ;
Is there another land unseen
By mortals here below ?

Is there a God that rules all things,
In earth, in air and sky ;
Or is it by some natural law,
You wave your heads on high ?

Is there a land where spirits dwell
When from our sight they go ?
Bow down your heads to me and tell
If of this land you know !

Do they come to us unseen,
And by some magic power
Impress us like some fairy dream
Of Heaven's blissful shore ?

Oh yes ! oh ! yes I see them now,
My eyes cannot deceive me ;
They come and kiss my weary brow,
With open arms receive me !

They whisper, " Faint not by the way,
Thy spirit shall grow stronger :
There shines for thee a brighter day,
Dear brother, doubt no longer."

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Have you forgotten, Jeremy,
The homestead of our youth,
With the gable looking eastward,
And the scuttle in the roof?
The little tea-room window,
With the hop-vine running o'er,
The old spout hanging from the eaves,
The sage-bed by the door,
Where the early sun came laughing in,
And lay upon the floor?

Have you forgot the chamber
Where first the morning shone,
With the quaint, old-fashioned furniture,
We used to call our own?
The great beam running overhead,
Where once we had a swing?
The door with the wooden latch,
That opened with a string,
And the closet by the chimney,
Where the cricket used to sing?

And do you not remember
Our little garden there?
The rose-bush and the marigolds
We tended with such care?
The orchard and the clover fields,

Where once we used to play,
And drive ourselves to "London Town"
In grandfather's old "shay,"
Or help the boys in summer-time
To gather in the hay?

And when the summer days had passed,
What joys we used to find
In gathering up the mellow fruits
She kindly left behind.
And then the harvesting, you know—
What merry times were these;
The husking of the golden corn,
The threshing of the sheaves,
The hunting of the hazel-nuts
Among the autumn leaves.

And the old folks that we used to love—
I'm thinking of *them* now;
What happy smiles of Paradise
Lit up their time-worn brow.
A goodly life they lived on earth,
But when the reapers come
They gathered up their harvest-sheaves,
And bore them safely home,
And left us waiting on the shore,
Weeping, and alone.

TO,—I KNOW WHO.

Oh, the vandals are cutting that beautiful grove,
That grew by the cot of my mother ;
Where often with friends in the twilight I've roved,
And gathered wild flowers with each other ;
But no more will the lark tell the coming of day,
No more will sweet echoes resound,
No more can we romp when the twilight is gray,
For the trees are all cut to the ground !

There the silvery birch waved in the eve's gentle light
That brilliantly curtailed the sky ;
And the owlet peeped forth in the stillness of night,
When he thought that no danger was nigh.
There the crystal fount played, and the white pebbles
glanced,
As the little streams over them run,
And the winds piped a song for the Fairies to dance,
Till the lark bid them hie from the sun.

And there was the brook that we called " Shady Blue,"
Where the speckled trout lived at their ease ;
There the white orchis bloomed, and the Indian-pink
grew,
And the birds sang their songs in the trees ;
The brook is still there, but the trout gone away,
And your bosom with sadness will fill,
When I tell you our " Bridge " has begun to decay,
And the oaks have been carted to mill.

And don't you remember the day we went Maying,
When I was so dull and so stupid,
That I thought little boys in the "Silver Lake" playing,
Were water-nymphs sporting with Cupid?
And have you forgot, ere we finished our romp,
That we sat on the wall—you and me—
To hear the owl hoot in the "Blackwater" swamp,
And the poppin-jay tap on the tree?

SLANDER.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Talk on, if you like, do you think that *I* care
For the slander poured forth from your venomous
tongue?

No! I've heard of such scandal polluting the air,
Ever since the first morn of existence begun!

So I made me a shield from the metal of truth,
And I fear not its fangs, and I feel not its thorn,
For slander, like chickens, will come home to roost;
Then beware of the night that will bring them along.

Ah! little ye know, ye venders of fun,
How much of *your own* real heart you disclose,—
Let me tell you a mirror reflects *number one*;
And the stream has a taste from the fountain it flows.

Do you measure for others by your own narrow soul?
Do you judge by yourself—then perhaps it is well;
But just leave me room for my carriage to roll,
And the freight that I carry the future shall tell.

Better weed out your own path, and make no delay,
And grow you some mint and some thyme of your
own—

People never steal from gardens away,
If they have it as good in their gardens at home.

Then shoot your barbed arrows of slander and hate,
And little care I for the harm they can do ;
I shall jog on my journey and pass through the gate,
With a conscience that's clear, to a God that is true.

LINES.

“He’s nothing but an Irishman,”
Methinks I heard you say,
When asked what gentleman was that
With me the other day.
“He’s nothing but an Irishman,”
Ah! that is very true;
And much, much more respectable,
Than the one I’m writing to.

What though he wears a homespun suit,
Best suited to his toil?
What if his hands are little tanned?
He cultivates the soil.
What though he was not Yankee-born?
I’m sure that’s no mishap;
If right prevails, and not the wrong,
He’s none the worse for that.

True worth is not a thing of dress,
Of wealth or classic lore;
Nor is it to preach temperance,
And drink behind the door.
So take a lesson from this part,
And go and sin no more.

TO HATTIE HATEFUL.*

'Tis the close of day, and the lamps of light
Are hung on the silvery wings of night;
The moon looks forth with a ray of love,
Like the smiles of angels from clouds above,
Casting her light o'er the earth and sea—
And I'm thinking, *Dear Hattie*, how *Hateful* you be!

The birds have left for congenial skies,
Where the west wind breathes its softest sighs;
No longer we hear their music sweet,
Where wild-flowers bloomed in the valley deep;
No chirping young is heard in the tree—
Still I'm thinking, *Dear Hattie*, how *Hateful* you be!

The trees are dress'd in the old pine grove,
In a mantle of white that the storm-king wove;
The flowers are clasped in the earth's embrace,
And the fire-bug's gone to his hiding-place.
No longer the little stream sings by the lea—
Still I'm thinking, *Dear Hattie*, how *Hateful* you be!

* NOTE.—Written on reading a piece in a paper signed HATTIE HATEFUL.

TO COUSIN BENJA.

BY HATTIE HATEFUL.

The soft west-wind in its careless play,
Is sighing and whispering, as if to say,
Come listen to me, little maiden fair,
With dark blue eyes and auburn hair,
I've a story to whisper, (don't think me free,)
'Tis this: *Cousin Benja* is thinking of thee.

Like the welcome voice of a long-lost friend,
Is the whispered story, the wind doth send
To me as I walk in the grove alone,
And list to the soft west wind's low tone,
As it floats to my ear so careless and free,
Little Hattie, *Cousin Benja* is thinking of thee.

I will stop the breeze, and question it well,
And hear *all* the story it has to tell;
Now, zephyr, with all your whispering free,
Will you tell me *all Benja* thinks of me?
Oh yes! little maiden, with heart so free,
He is *only* thinking "how *hateful* you be!"

Oh soft west-wind, will you carry to him,
This message, while yet my eye is dim,
With the tear that *will* come as the story I hear—
'Tis this, "Cousin Benja" to Hattie so *dear*,
If *you* are still thinking how *hateful* I be,
Remember, *I'm* thinking *now* ever of thee.

Oh why did you come, west-wind, to me,
To steal the heart of a maiden free?
I fear you will waft it to cousin Ben,
As you gently float to him again;
Ah! the west-wind sighs as it floats o'er the lea,
He is only thinking "how *hateful* you be!"

TO HATTIE HATEFUL.

Your little zephyr came to me from o'er the western hills,
As merry as a humming bee, as sparkling as the rills;
It gently fanned my heated brow, then said "Dear
Cousin Ben,
I have a little song to sing, from *Hattie Hateful's* pen."

Come in, come in, my little breeze, I'll list to every word;
For as the little waif from me, an answering chord hath
stirred,
I query much to catch the notes that tremble o'er the
wire—
But wait, methinks I find a want of harmony somewhere.

For when you say, you told her *all*, methinks you played
the spy;
Else what should cause *that* tear to dim the brightness
of her eye;
Go back again, you little rogue, dispel those doubts and
fears,
For when you tell her *all* I think, there will be no cause
for tears.

Go kiss for me her laughing brow—go whisper in her
ear
Some little tender words, alas! I cannot write them here;
The people's ears are open wide, they hear strange
things, you know,
Then mind you tell my whisperings in breathings soft
and low.

We read in that old ancient book, once handed down
from Heaven,
That when the people grew estranged, a new command
was given ;
Then when its genial power is felt through our benighted
land,
All *Hateful* things will prove to be a blessing unto man.

Now little zephyr, when again *Miss Hattie* questions you,
Tell her I'm loyal to the heart for *union* with the true ;
That trustingly I work, and wait, those happy days to
see,
Hoping some *Hateful* things will prove a blessing unto
me.

Ah ! did you say 'tis Leap Year now ? then I will fold my
pages,
Ere I should trespass on the rights belonging to the
ladies ;
But should you catch another song from *Hattie Hateful's*
pen,
Then plume your wings, take up your harp, and sing to
me again.

TO COUSIN BENJA.

BY HATTIE HATEFUL.

Dear coz., our little zephyr friend has now returned to
me,

I *knew* when last it came and went, 'twould come again
to me ;

But did not dream that Cousin Ben would keep it there
so long,

Although I knew he'd question it, of Hattie Hateful's
song.

I've watched so long its glad return, it was almost
despair,

This misery of hope deferred, this waiting, empty air ;
But still no message came to me, no word from Cousin
Ben,

I almost feared the little breeze would ne'er come back
again.

But at the last sweet sunset hour, I heard a whispering
low,

A kiss *so* light pressed on my brow—ne'er kissed before,
you know ;

I blushed, and to the saucy breeze I said, "Take back
your kiss—

If ever I see Cousin Ben, *I'll tell him* all of this."

The little zephyr fluttered near, with soft, low whispers
then,
Saying, "Do not be scornful, miss, I came for Cousin
Ben;
He sent me here with *this*, and many a tender word so
true,
And told me not to tarry, but to bring them all to you."

Dear Cousin Ben, I treasure well each tender word,
but oh!
I fear the little breeze has told me more than I had ought
to know;
For I'm afraid if mamma knew all that you say to me,
She'd scold me, tell me it was wrong, and all of that,
you see.

You tell me of the new command that unto *us* was given,
The *best*, the fairest one to *learn*, of all that came from
Heaven;
Now mamma *cannot* chide for *that*, for she has often said,
That I must ever do just what I in the Bible read.

You told me that "'twas Leap Year now," so I will take
this time,
To say—send me your C. D. V. and I will send you
mine;
Exchange those tender words with you, and every kindly
wish,
And sometime, *when I get a chance*, I'll give you back
your kiss.

TO HATTIE HATEFUL.

'Twas merry time, the village clock had told the hour of
morn,
The dew lay on the hazel-bush, and on the flowering
thorn;
The little flower-buds 'neath the hedge, half hid among
the leaves,
Awoke and threw their night-caps off, and danced before
the breeze.

Nature was dressed in rich array, and in her merriest
mood,
So I drew on my thinking-cap, and wandered to the
wood;
Then sat me down beneath an oak that grew beside the
way,
And laid my head upon the turf, like children tired of
play.

And there I watched the fleecy clouds, through shadows
in the trees,
And once I heard a little voice, and thought it was the
leaves;
When turning round to hear them sing, dear Hattie,
there I see
Our little darling zephyr friend, with messages for me!

“Dear Cousin Ben,” he said to me, in accents almost wild,

“I come to light your countenance with Hattie Hateful’s smile ;

You know that little kiss you sent, I laid it on her cheek,
She made a pout, but still I *guess* she thought it real
sweet.

“Then I the new commandment read, and sang your little song,

I cannot tell you all she said, it will take me quite too long ;

But I have brought an answer back, Miss Hattie sent to you,

And as I have a kite to fly, I’ll bid a short adieu.”

But wait a moment, little friend, while I commission thee—

You played the spy for Hattie once, now play the spy for me ;

Go learn—then come and tell me all about this little maid,

And you shall have the sweetest harp that ever a zephyr played.

To-morrow morn is washing-day, the day of all the seven,

When people often wander from domestic dreams of Heaven ;

Go hide beneath the rosy-bush, or wait behind the door,
Till all the wash and ironing work, and baking days are o’er.

I want to know if Hatt can work, or had she rather drum

On black and white piano keys, from morn till set of sun ;

And listen what I tell you now, *mark well the conversation*
Between her and her dear mamma, through all this
avocation.

Now do not tell her all I say, nor half of all I think;
But let me put around your neck this little golden link.
For H. L. M., from M. R. B.—don't *laugh*, you little
rogue;
And mind you make no sad mistake, or lose it on the
road.

Yes Hattie, I with joy consent, to this your last demand;
The C. D. V., you asked of me, I'll send by Uncle Sam;
And as you say you will exchange, don't keep me long
in waiting,
That all our joys may be enhanced, that *love* may grow
from hating.

OBITUARY.

Died in Kingston, May 3d, 1864, HENRIETTA FRANCES, daughter of
ERASTUS and MARIA LEACH; aged 13.

[Written by request.]

O Father of Mercies! O angels above!
Who heareth the raven and watcheth the dove,
Once more to thy bosom of Infinite Love,
We come to Thee pleading
That the balm of Thy spirit its power may impart,
And heal up the wounds in each poor, human heart,
That we bring unto Thee, from the Death-angel's dart,
All mangled and bleeding!

When the Spring-time had come with her birds and
flowers,
And the May winds played through the woodland bowers;
When the sands ran bright in that home of ours,
Through life's young glass;
We were happy then—we are sad to-day;
We have seen our hopes like the flowers decay—
And the light of our home has been hidden away,
Low under the grass!

Ah! little we thought that her earth-life was o'er
When her hat and shawl she hung up by the door,
And laid down her books,—she will need them no more,
For her school is dismissed.
She has finished her lessons; she will gain her reward,
As she walks through the fields the immortals have trod,
Where the teachers are angels appointed by God,
In the mansions of bliss!

Then, my dear mourning friends, who with sorrow are
bowed,

When you think of her now in her long, white shroud,
Remember a rainbow of promise spans every cloud

That hides our vision.

And our loved ones cross with their angel guide,
On this beautiful bridge o'er the misty tide,
To live again on the further side,

In the land Elysian !

And sometimes we think our Good Father above,
Has furnished them wings like the messenger dove,
And given them powers through His Infinite love,

To visit again

Their old earth-home, with a healing balm

Our spirit's throbbing waves to calm ;

To soothe with holy hymn and psalm,

Life's troubled main.

Dear mourning friends, O lean upon

The Christian faith, and look beyond

The Great Blue Stream, where she has gone

To watch and wait.

Though sorrows come, both long and deep,

Though earthly watchers fall asleep,

She will her spirit virgils keep.

Oh, Father, when we too shall stand

With our life-book sealed in our cold, white hand ;

When beneath our feet life's silver sand

Shall cease to run—

When we cross the stream to that peaceful shore,

May we meet our loved ones gone before,

And feel to say when our journey is o'er,

Thy will be done !

THE LITTLE STRAW HAT.

I found it to-day in the old chest-drawers,
This little straw hat, with its dints and flaws ;
With the simple braid on its faded crown,
And the little tape strings that tied it down
'Neath the sweet little, dear little dimple chin,
To hold it fast from the playful wind.

This little straw hat—how deeply is stirred
The fountain of tears by that magical word !
For it strikes a chord that has long been broke,
And we weep again o'er its tremulous note,
As we think of the years, so long and deep,
Since the boatman charmed her away to sleep ;
For the golden ringlets that waved below,
Were curled by the angels long ago.

My eyes grow dim—I can see no more
This little straw hat as I saw it before ;
Its *soul*-life now I can only see,
And the past in the present again with me ;
For a little child from the courts above,
Encircles me with her sister-love,
And while her spirit waits below,
I shall live again in the long ago.

I hear the song her mother sings,
I see her doll and baby things ;

I see her crib and little chair,
I hear her footstep on the stair;
Her prattling voice and broken song,
I hear them ringing all day long;
Her little life—her every act,
I see in the *soul* of this little hat.

And I sit again by that low bedside,
On the bright, glad morn when its owner died;
When we gave her up to the angel's care,
Save a ringlet cut from her golden hair—
With her blue eyes hid 'neath their silken band,
And the last rose of summer in her little hands.
Shadows and tears; all, all I see,
And the past in the present again with me.

That little straw hat with its dints and flaws,
Go lay it again in the old chest-drawers.
She has given it up for a bright little crown,
For the sun will not tan in the home she has found.
But its mellow rays in the spirit spheres,
Will bloom the buds that have withered here.
I shall see her again, I shall know her there,
When the answer comes to my secret prayer;
When the boatman comes from the other side,
And takes me over the misty tide—
I shall clasp her again to my heart and hand,
And dwell together in the Beautiful Land.

THE LITTLE COFFIN.

It is standing there 'mid the dust and gloom,
In the undertaker's coffin-room ;
There's a silver plate, and a silver hinge,
There's a little pillow, and silken fringe,
And a satin robe with sleeves of lace,
In this little rosewood burial-case.

And every time I pass it by,
A tear comes out and dims my eye ;
For I know somewhere, 'mid the joy and mirth
Around some happy fireside hearth,
There's a little hand and a pretty face
To be laid away in this rosewood case !

There's a little Nat, and a little Tim,
There's a little Frank, and a little Jim ;
There's a little Ruth that loves to play
With little Jane and little May ;
But I cannot tell whose name they'll trace
On the tablet of this little case !

I only know some mother's heart
With its little idol soon must part ;
That bitter tears will fall and stain
This satin robe, like autumn rain ;
And the form she loves now to embrace,
Will sleep in this little rosewood case.

And I know, (but where I cannot tell,)·
There's a land where the little angels dwell;
Where the cherished hopes that faded here,
Will grow and expand in a brighter sphere;
And some little cherub there may trace
Its birth from this little rosewood case!

NATURE'S WHISPERINGS.

God spake to me, when but a child,
I wandered 'mid the flowers,
Or gathered berries on the wild,
And in the shady bowers;
And when I found a bit of moss,
I'd kiss it o'er and o'er,
And cry because I did not love
The blessed Saviour more !

He still speaks on from day to day,
In every passing breeze
That fans the flowers beside the way,
Or whistles through the trees.
And when the shade is on the hill,
I climb its summit high,
And read His love in every star
That sparkles in the sky !

And when I wander in the wood,
Or kneel upon the sod,
That still, small voice repeats to me,
"O give your heart to God !"
Then may I heed the warning voice,
Ere comes the troubled night ;
Like Mary, make that better choice
My study and delight.

OUR "CRYSTAL PALACE."

We've had a splendid "Crystal Palace,"
'Twas one of Nature's own design—
Composed by jewels richly strung,
Wrought by celestial hands divine!

Each little shrub, and twig and stalk,
That bore the marks of Winter's blight,
Was crystalined with silver frost,
And sparkled in the morning light.

The sun arose behind the clouds,
And more than once peeped out to see,
Then rolled himself in icy shrouds,
Thinking to let the picture be.

From morn to noon this loveiy view,
Was left before our wondering eyes;
Perhaps, to bring to life anew,
The hope that in our bosom dies!

TO CHARLEY T. IRISH.

I have sat me down that my soul might think,
And commune in its home above ;
For this great world with its icy breast,
Will not accept its love ;
And but few can understand aright,
Suspicion with them is so nigh ;
But I wonder are you thinking as I do, Charley—
I wonder are you thinking as I ?

I have often painted my heart below,
As every heart should be ;
A spot where the fountain of love should flow
In rivers so pure and free,
That the angels would love to bathe in its dews,
As they come from their homes on high—
But I wonder are you thinking as I do, Charley ;
I wonder are you thinking as I ?

How I wish I could take the great world in my heart,
For I know there is plenty of room,
And give them boquets from my garden of love,
If they would let them bud and bloom.
Though some may condemn, the river must flow,
The fountain is getting so high—
But I wonder are you thinking as I do, Charley ;
I wonder are you thinking as I ?

I sit down and think, as the night goes on,
How pretty this world would be,
If man would exchange his selfish love
For that of the pure and free.
Then I open the blinds and look to the east,
Far over the fields of rye—
But I wonder are you thinking as I do, Charley;
I wonder are you thinking as I?

LINES.

DEDICATED TO LITTLE HELEN'S MOTHER.

You had a treasure fair and bright,
A blessing from above ;
Whose prattling voice was your delight,
So full of life and love ;
But gloom has spread her sable shroud
Around your darkened hearth ;
Your little " household angel " now
Has passed away from earth !

You loved too fondly, not too wise,
Your beautiful and fair ;
And when you heard her little feet
Come patting on the stair,
Perhaps you did not stop and think
She might not always stay ;
That some good angel might come in
And carry her away !

So when the angel came along,
And saw her sparkling eye,
He whispered in her ear the song
" 'Tis summer in the sky !
And will you go with me and sing
Where heavenly waters glide ? "
He touched his harp, he moved his wing,
And little Helen died !

Oh! how you stood beside the bed,
As hour by hour passed by;
And when they told you she was dead,
You went away to cry!
And as you thought of all her plays,
And saw her things around,
You could not think to have them lay
Dear Helen in the ground.

But when we lay those little forms
Among the grass and flowers,
And wander back with tearful eyes
To that dear home of ours;
We then should think 'tis but the form,
That in the green earth lies;
And 'twas the gem that form contained
That we so dearly prized.

And is the gem you so much prized,
Now sleeping 'neath the sod?
Oh, no! 'tis in the spirit-land,
The paradise of God!
There will its little soul expand
In joys that never fade;
And with its angel-teachers, roam
The bright Elysian shade.

And oft, perchance, when hours of grief
Shall round thy heart entwine,
Her little spirit then may come
And nestle close to thine;
And point you to that land of light,
Her dwelling-place above,
Where all who will may re-unite,
In joy, and peace, and love.

Then, oh ! fond mother, do not weep,
But kiss the chastening rod ;
Your little Helen is not lost,
You've given her to God !
Then may you lean upon His arm,
And place your hopes above ;
His is the best of sympathy,
He speaks in tones of love.

LINES

TO LITTLE ADDA'S MOTHER.

"God keeps a niche in Heaven to hold our idols."

Dear friend, thy loving heart is sad,
Thy cheek is bathed in tears ;
Affliction's heavy rod is lain
Upon thy youthful years."
The dearest ties that bound thy heart
To earth, have oft been riven ;
The sweetest flowers that decked thy path,
Are blooming now in Heaven !

I'm thinking, now, how short the time,
Since one so dearly loved
Passed on, and left the scenes of earth
For higher spheres above.
And then another one was called—
Again the tear-drops flow ;
The eldest of thy sister-band,
Was called upon to go.

She feebly clasped the babe she loved,
To rest its weary form ;
An angel snap'd a silver string—
Mother and babe were gone.
She wandered to the morning land,

She rested on the shore;
And clasped in her immortal arms
The loved ones gone before !
And now when joyous Spring had come,
With all her merry train
Of birds and flowers and singing brooks,
To cheer your heart again ;
The little bud that just began
Its petals to unfold,
And shed a heavenly ray of light
Around thy inmost soul,
Has faded like the sunset sky,
And fallen from its stem ;
God often takes our fairest flowers,
To draw our hearts to Him.

Though now you miss his little step,
And all his winning plays,
And hear no more his prattling voice,
Through all the summer days ;
Yet when God's holy stars at night,
Smile from their radiant sphere,
Methinks your little Adda comes
To hover round you here.

His little soul, so tired of earth,
He could no longer stay ;
Loved voices from the spirit-land
Were calling him away ;
Then, leaning on an angel's breast,
He closed his sparkling eyes,
Crossed o'er the stream, and went to dwell
With seraphs in the skies.

Oh could you see the spirit-band
Of loved ones gone before,

Extending out their waiting hands,
To welcome him on shore,
You would not, COULD not wish him back—
Your tears would cease to flow,
As through the meadows, soft and green,
Clasped hand in hand they go.

OBITUARY.

Died in Kingston, Sept. 22d, 1859, WILLARD, child of NAHUM and
ALMIRA B. SIMMONS; aged 11 weeks.

Again the leaves begin to fall
Around thy cottage door;
Again is heard the angels' call
From off the other shore;
Again is heard the golden harp's
Glad music in the skies—
'Tis little Willie now they want,
Go close his sparkling eyes!

“ So little time had passed away
Since down to earth he flew,”
That all the pathway back again
Right easily he knew;
And so he clasped his little hands
One still and starry even,
And spread once more his angel wings,
Flew quickly back to heaven!

There, lay the little form away
In Nature's leafy bowers;
And mother-earth will take it back
To mingle with the flowers.
But God has took the little germ
To join the tiny band
That decks the crystal battlements
In yonder spirit-land.

I know you miss his bird-like voice—

 You miss him in your sleep,
And feel no more his twining arms
 And soft breath on your cheek ;
But oft, methinks, he'll come again
 His rose-wreath'd harp to play,
In strains of tender melodies
 To chase thy grief away.

Then weep no more,—God has prepared
 A home more fair and true ;
The loved ones “ gone before ” are there,
 And little Willard, too.
And when the boatman comes to take
 Us o'er the misty tide,
We'll find them waiting at the gate,
 Just on the other side.

OBITUARY.

In Kingston, Dec. 23d, 1862, Mrs. ABIGAIL, wife of ELISHA McLAUTH-
LEN; aged 64 years, 1 month, 15 days.

Pass on, dear mother, through the gathering haze
That conceals thy form from our earthly gaze—
Beyond the mist is Heaven's pure air,
And many a loved one waits us there;
For half our band have gone before,
And half still wait on the earthly shore.

But oh, thou art missed in our loved home sphere,
And our father moans for thy presence here;
For keen is the arrow that rends in twain
The sweetest links in affection's chain;
And our souls grow faint, and our tears will flow,
When we think of thy form in the grave so low.

For not again, as in days gone by,
Shall we meet the glance of thy gentle eye;
And not again shall thy loving voice
Our lonely home on earth rejoice;
Yet we feel—we know, in thy home above,
We are not forgot by a mother's love.

And, mother, oft may thy spirit eyes
Look softly down from the upper skies;

And the holy smiles which the angels wear,
Light up our earthly path of care ;
And when our hearts are bowed with grief,
Let thy loved presence bring relief.

We know that when a few short years
Have passed away, with their smiles and tears,
We, too, shall wait on the silent shore
To be rowed by him of the muffled oar ;
And oh, may we all by a Father's love
Be re-united there above.

OBITUARY.

In Kingston, May 13th, 1864, OLIVE M., wife of Capt. CEPHAS
WASBURN, and daughter of ELISHA McLAUTHLEN;
aged 33 years, 1 month, 6 days.

[Written by request.]

O Thou Great and Holy Being !
Thou who art the far All-Seeing !
Is it through thy wise decreeing, we should
 know Thee by affliction !
Is it that ye so much love us
That ye take this way to prove us—
 That ye smite us with conviction ?

First ye sent for childhood flowers,
Then for those of riper hours ;
Then ye called a doting mother, filling all
 our hearts with pain ;
Ere our soul had ceased its sighing,
Ere our eyes had time for drying,
 Comes the boatman back again !

Now a loving wife and mother—
Like a thornless rose in summer ;
Like a stream without a murmur, passing
 through this world of strife—
Who by ceaseless visitations,
Learned to bow in resignation
 To the discipline of life.

Joyous in the hours of gladness,
Comforting in hours of sadness,
When the heart grew wild with madness,
 seemed to be her mission here ;
Making every cross seem lighter,
Making every cloud seem brighter,
 By the radiance of her sphere.

But she, too, has crossed the river—
Took her baby-treasure with her,
Back unto its God, the Giver, in the land of
 the Supernal !
Gone in all her youth and beauty,
Gone from usefulness and duty,
 Through the Golden Gate Eternal !

How can mortals cease from weeping,
When they see their loved ones sleeping,
Though we feel they may be reaping joys
 celestial as they wander
Where the fields of bright Elysian
Opens many a heavenly vision,
 In the home of the Up-Yonder !

Husband of the dear departed,
Bowed with sorrow, broken-hearted,
Pause and think—she only started but a lit-
 tle time before ;
One by one are crossing over
To their home beyond the river—
 Wait and watch, but weep no more.

Aged father, lone and weary,
Though the earth seem dark and dreary,
Loving angels hover near thee, breathing out
 their souls' communion ;

And from out thy cloud of sorrow,
Soon shall dawn a bright to-morrow—
 Soon shall come the glad re-union.

Brothers, sisters, ye have ever
Lived in harmony together ;
Do not think that death can sever all those
 ties of Love Fraternal—
Mortally, we fade and perish ;
Spiritually, we love and cherish
In a land of Light and Beauty, 'round the
 throne of Life Eternal !

TO AZEL.

The morn will chase the darkness from
The rocky old sea-side ;
And you will shove your boat from shore,
And take the morning tide ;
And as you plough the ocean waves,
Oh, may they gently play
Around thy little fishing-smack,
In Massachusetts Bay.

And as the twilight gathers round
And settles on the sea,
Remember many a heart on shore
Sends out a prayer for thee ;
That faithful hands may not forget
To trim the beacon-light,
And God thy little boat protect,
And grant a starry night.

Then when the Storm-King looks from out
His windows in the clouds,
And fiery lightnings tinge with gold
His dark and sable shrouds ;
Oh, may that power that calms the sea
When storms begin to burn,
Protect thy little fishing-smack,
And grant a safe return.

And when the moss and sea-weed grows
 Around the old boat's side,
And thou hast launched thy spirit-bark
 Upon life's evening tide ;
An angel Pilot from the Port
 Of Heaven shall come down
To guide you up the narrow strait,
 When thou art Homeward Bound.

REPLY TO COUSIN BENJA.

BY AZEL.

The morn has come and chased away
The darkness from the shore,
And I have shoved my boat to-day
Upon the tide once more ;
While to the breeze her sails I've spread,
That bear me on my way,
And now the waves I plough ahead
In Massachusetts Bay.

And as the twilight fades away
To darkness in the West,
I think of friends, and what they say
As they lie down to rest—
While faithful hands have trimmed for me
Many a beacon-light ;
And God who made the rolling sea,
Hath made a starry night.

For as I gaze far, far above,
And turn my wandering eye,
They, faithful emblems there of love,
Are shining in the sky.
Old Storm-King, too, full well I know
Is drowned at last in sleep,
For gentle zephyrs only blow
Across the mighty deep.

And may the power that checks his wrath
When bounding o'er the main,
But calm his brow, as now it hath,
And blow me back again.
And when my old boat sinks away,
And lays her frame to rest,
May I, like her, as truly say
That I have done my best.

For like my smack, my spirit bark
Is launched upon life's sea,
And o'er its billows wild and dark,
Is bounding off with me.
And well it is when contra tides
And baffling winds are found,
An angel Pilot often guides,
When we are homeward bound.

MY COUSIN AND I.

I wish you could see it—how splendid!
Magnificent in the extreme!
My cousin's new home in the city,
At the corner of Essex and Green.
He has drawing-rooms, parlors and chambers,
Ornaments counted by scores;
Carpets of three-ply and velvet
Cover the stairs and floors.

Sofas of rosewood in damask,
Chairs of walnut in silk,
Tables and mantles in marble,
Paintings of oil in gilt;
Mirrors from floor and ceiling,
And heavy wrought curtains are seen
In my cousin's new home in the city,
At the corner of Essex and Green!

Hot water-pipes in the chambers,
Fixtures for gas in the walls;
Bells on the doors for strangers,
Servants to answer their calls;
Baskets and goblets of silver,
Fruit-cakes, jellies and cream,
Are served at the three o'clock dinners,
At the corner of Essex and Green.

Would you like to step up on the marbles
 And look at the show through the door?
 But you must not expect to go further,
 For they never indulge with the *poor*!
 So I hope you will not feel slighted,
 Or think that my cousin is mean,
 For none but the *rich* are invited
 At the corner of Essex and Green!

Wife in the nursery reclining,
 Ever complaining of ills;
 Fashion, pride and consumption,
 Bottles of powders and pills.
 Soon one thing more will be wanting
 To match this magnificent scene—
 'Tis a silver trimmed casket of rosewood,
 At the corner of Essex and Green.

* * * * *

I have a home in the country,
 Out in the beautiful town,
 Cosily under the maples,
 One story high from the ground;
 Windows shaded with rose-vines
 That Nature has braided for me;
 And here, with God and the angels,
 I am living both happy and free.

I fish in the brooks by the meadows,
 And gather the flowers in my path;
 I roll on the grass in the shadows,
 And open my mouth when I laugh;
 For fashion has never invaded,
 And pride has never been found
 In our little cot, closely shaded,
 Out in the beautiful town.

Carpets of straw and of woollen,
Ottomans, chairs and settees,
Covered with chintz at a sixpence.
Made for our comfort and ease ;
Hearts full of love, and a greeting
Ever for friends will be found
At our little cot; cosily shaded,
Out in the beautiful town.

There I hope to meet with you often.—
As I'm not inviting the few—
For we all have God for our Father.
And I am a brother to you.
Some have moved out from the cottage
And gone o'er the river to dwell ;
But when I get tired and weary,
Why, I shall go over as well !

So I try to be cheerful and happy,
Honest, loving and free—
Remembering, as I do to others
So will my Father to me ;
And thus I'll be bridging the river,
By works that are lasting and sound,
In a brown little cot in the country,
One story high from the ground.

FOR COUSIN BENJA.

BY SISTER MARY.

Who are you? I pray, Cousin Benja,
And is your heart really light?
Does it chase all your clouds from your pathway,
That earth's beauties would veil from your sight?
When to that dear cot 'neath the maples,
Life's joys or its storms rudely come,
Or selfishness, may be, awakens
Discord in the circle at home?

Can you rule your own heart to forbearance
With unkindness,—ingratitude, too?
With patience and cheerfulness alway
Life's arduous duties to do?
Doth the unrest of childhood ne'er vex you?
Nor ever youth's waywardness grieve?
Doth toil ne'er fatigue; care perplex you,
Causing slumber your pillow to leave?

Can you look on earth's strife with composure,
And patient the Father's time wait?
Never fearing that through your own blindness
Some duty remains at your gate?
Hast attained to all this, Cousin Benja?
Then happy indeed you must be—
I know your kind heart will refuse not
To tell the blest secret to me.

My home, too, is quiet and rural—
I breathe mountain air sweet and clear;
I sit in the shade of the maples
That shelter our old cottage here.
'Tis old, and low-roofed, and storm-beaten,
But shelter and warmth it affords;
I love it, and love its surroundings—
I crave not the dwellings of lords.

'Tis nestled so warm on a hillside,
Where green groves and cool springs are near,
And the music of sweet running water,
'Neath the roof of the cottage we hear.
Choice roses and bright blooming flowers,
With a woodbine climb over its eaves,
Birds sing and make nests in the bowers,
Which the maple and cherry boughs weave.

Rich sweets in the gardens abounding,
Choice fruits in the gardens are near,
Sweet flowers the old cottage surrounding,
And sweetest bird music we hear.
This picture you say now is pleasing—
I love it and think it no sin;
But 'tis only the outside I've painted,
It's not quite so pleasant within.

We've enough for our comfort—not pleasure,
For many things *more* we desire;
But it is not to please pride or fashion,
But to gratify taste we aspire.
The thoughts of the wise and the noble,
The beauties of genius and art,
I love them, and sure were we able,
They would share of our home-life a part.

I would like much the time for their study,
To profit and nourish the mind ;
But no servants come at my bidding—
Little time for such pleasure I find.
For the wants of the body I labor
From dawn till the time for repose ;
To be honest with God and my neighbor,
And a little toward soothing earth's woes.

Such soul-trying duties await me,
Of housekeeper, daughter, and wife ;
Of mother,—I love the relation,
But 'tis the great care of my life.
There is age near to helpless bending,
And youth that is wayward and rude—
So much there is on me depending,
'Tis indeed very hard to be good.

I would like to be " cheerful and happy,"
Never causing a sigh or a tear ;
So loving that " God and the angels "
Might be to my home ever near.
I'd not tire of the world nor its duties,
Had I wisdom and strength for the whole ;
But I tire of myself,—'mid its beauties
I want, oh ! a beautiful soul.

I fear I'm not " bridging the river,"
But I dread not the boatman pale ;
I know he will bear me safe over
When body and spirit shall fail.
And I know on that bright shore are loved ones,
Who with welcome my coming will greet,
If cheerful and patient I labor,
And wait till such time as is meet.

My health and my strength are declining,
My hair is fast turning gray;
I'm fading away like my flowers,
And soon shall lie withered as they.
But like the sweet fragrance of roses,
That yield us the richest perfume,
I would live when this body reposes
In the silent embrace of the tomb.

Will you come to my home, Cousin Benja,
When Summer hath clothed it with green;
When birds carol sweet, and the flowers
Around it in freshness are seen?
Yes, come, Cousin, please, bring the dear ones,
If indeed, as you say, they're not proud;
There are plenty of "grass" and of "shadows,"
And you may "laugh" softly or loud.

We'll roam over hills and through wildwoods,
From the mountain grand views we will take;
You will like the rude haunts of my childhood,
And will sail on our beautiful lakes.
Bring along with you plenty of sunshine,
To shed o'er my care-weary way;
We will each be the stronger and better,
And well for the trouble 'twill pay.

OLD TIMES AND NEW.

“ I do respect those good old days,
 Those good old days of yore ;
 When patriot fathers prayerful sought
 The wild New England shore ; ”
 When by their strong and valiant arm
 The forest disappeared ;
 The cottage and the farm-house built,
 And town and cities reared.

Ah ! give me back those good old days,
 The days when Grandpa Dean,
 Dressed in his homespun coat and vest,
 Went courting Molly Bean.
 Though many miles had he to walk,
 He was home before the sun ;
 Beaux did not stay a week each time,
 When Grandpa Dean was young !

But those old times have passed away—
 Times so despised by some ;
 Times, let me tell you, much the best,
 In more respects than one.
 And if you think to doubt my word,
 Then listen to my song ;
 I'll tell you why I think they were—
 'Twill not detain you long.

In days of old, (as I've been told,)
The men, (and women, too,)
Knew how to work, while boys and girls
All had a stint to do.
This kept the mind active and clear,
And caused the blood to flow
Throughout the system, as it should,
In days of long ago.

O dear! I get so vexed sometimes,
I know it does no good;
But then why don't the people live
As God designed they should?
But fashions now must take the lead
In this enlightened day;
So they die of heart and spine complaints,
And thus they pass away!

In days of old the youngster then,
When growing into man,
Grew whiskers in a natural way,
Long, beautiful, and grand.
For Nature then could do her work,
With health and strength within;
And every one could raise a crop
Around the face and chin!

Now they practice irrigation—
For often I have seen
Two streams of rich guano juice
Run trickling down the chin;
The dust and dirt that's added,
Forms a dressing rich and rare,
From which they gain an extra crop,
That well repays the care!

This takes away his life and strength,
 And so weak the youngster feels,
 He hardly dares to undertake
 The journey to his meals ;
 If longer distance he must go,
 He gets a " team " of " Josh,"
 And rides around to Jane Maria's,
 A half a mile across.

The girls no longer learn to work—
 Oh no ; they rather drum
 On black and white piano keys,
 From morn till set of sun.
 Not one in ten can sew or mend,
 Nor iron, bake or wash ;
 Now Bridget does the kitchen work,
 While they are knitting floss !

The girls that lived in times of old,
 Did never need, I guess
 A pound or more of cotton-laps
 To make a well formed chest ;
 They had bodies then of flesh and blood,
 With muscles strong and stout ;
 No need had they of whale-bone skirts,
 To make themselves stick out !

What end will be of all these things,
 No one can now discern ;
 Altho' the present state of things
 Give people great concern.
 Then wonder not, for well it may,
 While fashion holds the rein—
 Alas ! the days of Grandpa Dean,
 Will ne'er return again.

A KISS FOR A BLOW.

What makes little children quite happy and good?
What banishes temper, both naughty and rude?
It is the sweet maxim we very well know,
Of giving each other a kiss for a blow.

Should a quarrel arise, whate'er be the cause,
What is better by far than a whole code of laws?
It is the sweet practice, we very well know,
Of always returning a kiss for a blow.

In each stage of life, e'en from infancy's years,
To manhood's last step in the valley of tears,
There's naught that can yield so much pleasure below,
As ever returning a kiss for a blow.

Though men should condemn us, and call us but fools,
Yet still we must love them and pray for their souls;
Through the journey of life let us patiently go,
Still ever returning a kiss for a blow.

Should any assail us in deed or in word,
Oh! then let us act like our meek, patient Lord;
Who when in the depths of his bitterest woes,
Returned in his anguish a kiss for a blow.

Then Julia, and Hannah, and Allen, and John,
I pray don't forget, but remember my song;
If a playmate gets angry and strikes you, then go
And ever return a kiss for a blow.

QUERY TO S. S.—AN OLD BACHELOR.

And wilt thou always live alone?
 Wilt thou no joys in woman own?
 Has Hymen's bonds no bliss for thee?
 Canst thou no charms in woman see?

Would not a wife thy joys increase?
 Add to thy comfort and thy peace?
 Would not thy home more bright appear
 If a kind, virtuous wife was near?

Dost thou not envy others' fare,
 Who have good wives their toils to share?
 And wilt thou not to this agree,
 That Hymen's chains are forged for thee?

How long shall fortune on thee smile,
 And sunny hopes thy hours beguile,
 Before you find your crown for life—
 A virtuous and obliging wife?

Call not these queries "too unchaste,"
 Although I've written in great haste;
 For true it is, I am no other
 Than B. R. M., your friend and neighbor.

PROFANE SWEARING.

“Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless who taketh his name in vain.”

What motive can there be for profane swearing? There can be none, and yet it is done beneath the very heavens which tell the glory of that good God, who giveth us all the blessings that we enjoy, and by that tongue to which he has given the wonderful power of speech, that it might proclaim his honor and his praise! How painful it is to the mind and moral taste of every friend of virtue, to witness the amount of profane swearing that is daily showering around us. One can hardly walk the streets without having profane oaths constantly falling on their ear; and is this practice chiefly confined to the young? No; it is heard alike from the youth to the middle-aged and hoary-headed sires; those that are the fathers and grandfathers of these little children. How wicked! I recollect once, while passing through one of the streets of our own little village, hearing the following: “You little curse, if you go near my hay-stack again, I hope you’ll break your neck!” A shuddering came over me, and my blood almost chilled in my veins, as I looked around and found that these words were addressed from an aged grandfather to his little grandson Freddy, because he in his innocence had taken the liberty to act out his nature by frolicking in the old man’s hay. Oh, how I pitied that poor old

man! And was he not an object of pity? An old man whom God has protected and blessed through seventy long years, now, instead of teaching little Freddy to pray "lead us not into temptation," and entreating him to avoid profanity, showering curses upon his head!

And such instances are not uncommon. How often we hear fathers and elder brothers giving children the sanction of a curse. Is it to be wondered at, then, that we are so often pained to hear the youth take oath after oath upon their little tongues? It is not the nature of children to use such language. Take for instance a family of children whose parents have taught them the evil consequences of profanity, and they will shudder at the sound of it! I once knew a man that was addicted to profane language, and went into the house of one of his neighbors where it was not used, and after holding conversation with its inmates, in which he made use of many wicked words, he turned to a little girl, "the angel of the household," and invited her to come and sit with him, at the same time offering her a bit of money, but the little girl sternly refused. After the man had gone away, the mother called the little girl to her side, and said, "Mary, my dear, why did you not go and sit with the gentleman when he asked you?" Little Mary looked up in her mother's face with surprise, and said, "Mother, he spoke such wicked words, I didn't dare to!"

Here we see the result of good example and religious instruction. Had little Mary been in the habit of hearing wicked language from her father's lips day by day, she would not have refused to sit by the side of any man on account of his profanity.

Then, let me say one word more to all fathers and mothers whose paths are thronged with little children; be careful how you teach them to profane God's holy name, for who can fathom the wickedness and misery that may arise from such a practice? And ye know not

how many little embryo angels in disguise wait to expand their beautiful wings and make earth a paradise; if ye teach them to love and obey the precepts and examples of the gentle Jesus. Let me then entreat each and every one of you to avoid profanity; you will then learn to be a true gentleman, a wise man, and I trust, become a better Christian.

SUMMER BIRDS.

Sweet little birds of Summer hours,
Forever on the wing;
I love them as I love the flowers,
When blooming in the Spring.

They come like pleasant memories,
In Summer's joyous time,
And sing their happy melodies,
As I would sing a rhyme.

Amid the morning's smiling dew,
Amid the mists of even,
They sing away as if they drew
Their music down from Heaven.

How sweetly sounds each mellow note,
Beneath the moon's pale ray,
When sitting in the lovely grove,
Singing their time away.

Sweet little birds of Summer's hours,
Among the tombs they glide,
Where cold, pale forms for which we grieve,
Lay sleeping side by side.

In the stillness of the starlight hours,
When I am with the dead,
Oh! may they flutter with the flowers
That blossom o'er my head.
And pour their songs of gladness forth,
In one melodious strain,
O'er lips whose broken melody
Shall never sing again.

MY MOTHER.

There is music in almost everything. In the zephyrs that whisper a welcome to the youthful year; in Summer's cooling breeze, as it softly sings through the leafy grove; in the farewell moaning of Autumn; in the warble of the carolling woodland songsters; in the innocent prattle of merry childhood; the merry songs of youth, and the broken voice of old age. Yes, in these there is music; but it has not that charm which comes from the sound of these words—"My Mother."

How many kind thoughts and recollections are mingled in the name of Mother! How many kind wishes and feelings of pleasure are called up by the simple words, "My Mother."

Why is it that that name causes so many smiles and so many tears? Is it because she cares for our every want; spends days and months in seeking that which will contribute to our happiness? Yes; it is this which binds us to the name of mother. We know not the value of that mother until she is separated from us forever. It is then we shall feel the loss of one whose place can never be supplied. Then, my young friends, honor and cherish her. Speak not an unkind word; but ever be ready, with a smiling face and willing hands, to help her through the many little trials of life.

LINES

WRITTEN FOR MRS. ELIZABETH WASHBURN.

Long days and years have passed, and yet
They seem but short, since last we met
With aching hearts and tearful eyes ;
For father soon we knew must die.

His dying bed we gathered near,
With mournful thoughts and anxious fear ;
To catch once more his faltering breath,
Ere that loved form was cold in death.

But soon the angel Death came down
And drew the shades of death around ;
He breathed no more — his soul had passed,
And that warm heart was cold at last.

Long years have passed with grief and pain—
The angel Death has called again ;
His silver wings move to and fro—
'Tis mother's turn, and she must go.

As feeble health prevented me
Dear mother's wasting form to see,
Ye needs must think I loudly call
A sympathizing word from all.

Don't wonder then that I should weep,
And grieve to hear dear mother speak ;
To give once more the parting kiss,
Ere she should leave for worlds of bliss.

But they have gone ; their souls have fled—
Father and mother both are dead ;
No more we'll hear their voices sweet,
For we on earth no more shall meet.

Their bodies in the green earth lie ;
Their spirits dwell with God on high—
Oh ! may I be prepared to stand,
And meet them both at God's right hand.

TO A FRIEND.

I am tired, I am weary,
Weary of this earthly life ;
All around seems dark and dreary,
Coldness mingling with strife.

Friends, who now should prove consoling,
Leave me in my sinking bark ;
Uncongenial waves are rolling
O'er my storm-tossed, breaking heart.

Cold words fall upon my spirit,
Freezing up the fount within ;
Frowning looks my path inherit,
Blighting all my hopes by sin.

I have toiled in expectations,
Trusted like the lonely dove ;
Given out my soul's affections
For the dross of earthly love.

Gone are hopes I fondly cherished,
Ere they scarce begun to live ;
Save me, Father ! else I perish—
Have I erred ? oh, then forgive !

Give me strength to travel onward,
For I weary on the way ;
Lead me in my pathway homeward,
Till I reach a brighter day.

THE SPIRIT'S REPLY.

Sister, does thy spirit sadden
In thy lonely march below?
Canst thou see no ray to gladden
Where the streams of wisdom flow?

Things that cause these sad repinings,
Help the spirit to grow strong;
All thy clouds have silver linings,
In the spirit world beyond.

Toil on, sister, toil and labor,
Doing all the good you can
For thy God and for thy neighbor—
Life on earth is but a span.

Falter not where duty leads thee,
As thou labor, learn to wait;
Unseen arms shall sure uphold thee,
Though thy path seem desolate.

We are trying to sustain thee,
Though thy trials are severe;
Faith and goodness shall obtain thee
Rest in thy celestial sphere.

Loving friends, in robes immortal,
Freed from earthly scars and stain,
Wait thee at the spirit portals,
Never more to part again.

ON THE DEATH OF LITTLE LENA.

When the forest leaves were falling,
And the flowers began to fade ;
When the birds their mates were calling,
Through the woodland and the glade ;
When the harvesters were binding up
Their sheaves of golden worth,
The angels, too, were gathering
The beautiful of earth.

They came, that Autumn morning,
In the early twilight shade,
To hover round the snowy couch
Where little Lena laid.
They looked into her little heart,
And found a sparkling gem ;
Then snapped the golden link apart,
And took it home with them.

Oh ! how you miss her little form,
And sparkling eyes so fair ;
Her bird-like voice and merry laugh,
Her step upon the stair ;
Her twining arms around your neck,
Of innocence and bliss ;
The little bed where once she slept,
Her prayer and good-night kiss.

All, all have gone, those jewels bright,
That you so dearly loved ;
They were the gifts that Heaven lent
To win your thoughts above.
But now around God's mercy-seat,
-Thy little one shall be
A messenger of love and peace
Between thy God and thee.

And often when the twilight hours
Shall gather in the sky,
And sadness weigh thy weary heart,
And sorrow's clouds hang nigh ;
Thy little Lena may come back,
With gladness on her wings,
To lead you up the Heavenly track
To where the angels sing.

Her father will not be forgot,
In her bright home above ;
And little Charley, too, will elaim
A portion of her love.
But gently from the realms of light,
She'll guard and watch them o'er,
Through many a dark and troubled night,
To yonder happier shore.

I would not wipe the tear-drop stain
From out those eyes of thine ;
For this I know would be in vain,
If such a lot were mine.
But I would point thee to that fount,
The great Eternal One,
And say, although He chasteneth,
" Father, Thy will be done ! "

MY LOVED ONE IS DEAD.

It is morn, but the morning is lovely no more,
Though the sun shines as brightly as "ever before;"
The night-bird 's at rest, on his favorite tree,
"All nature is cheerful, all happy but me."
The mourn of the dove is heard o'er my head,
But I'm sad when I think that my loved one is dead.

You may ask me to walk in the evergreen bowers,
You may twine me a wreath from the fairest of flowers;
Ye bid me be cheerful and join in the mirth,
But alas! all my pleasures have vanished from earth,
And my dreams of the future like the Summer have fled,
And I'm sad when I think that my lov'd one is dead!

I will visit the graves where my forefathers sleep,
I will sing them a song that shall cause them to weep;
I will knock at their tombstones, and ask if there's rest
In that far-away land, the home of the blest;
I'll bedew their green graves with the tears that I shed,
And tell them I'm sad, for my loved one is dead!

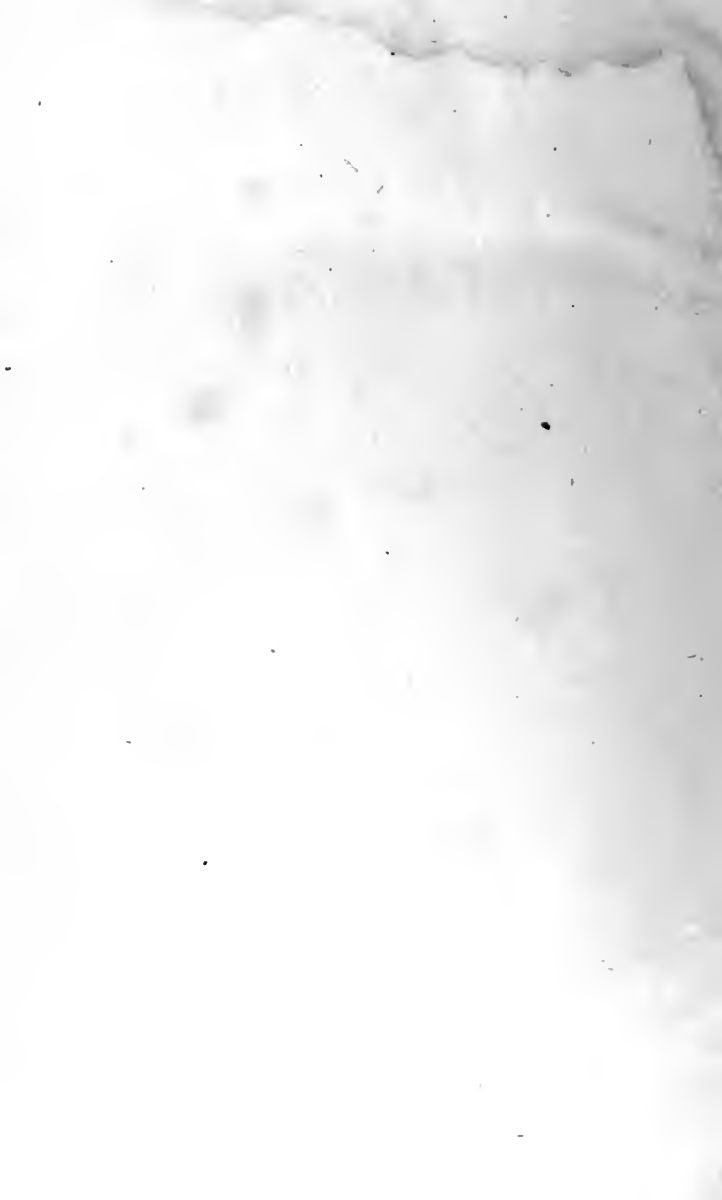
I will dress me in blue, I will banish my pride,
I will visit the land where my Ellen* has died;
I will seek for her grave 'mid the forests of flowers,
I'll bedew it with tears in plentiful showers;
I will pillow my head on the grave of my love,
Till I'm called to meet in re-union above!

* NOTE.— ELLEN died fifteen years before Benja's death. He was engaged to her some time previous to her death, and ever after recognized the guardianship of her holy spirit.











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